MADAM FICKLE:

OR, THE

Witty False One.

A

COMEDY

As it is Acted at His Royal Highness the

DUKE's THEATRE.

Written by *Tho. Durfey*, Gent.

HORAT.

Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum.

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ROGER L'ESTRANGE.

LONDON,

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TO HIS GRACE THE

Duke of Ormond,

Lord High Steward of His Majesties Houshold, Knight of the Noble Order of the Garter, and one of His Majesties most Honourable Privy Council.

May it please your Grace,

THough the Presumption I might have been guilty of in this Dedication, is somewhat excused in your Graces Permission; yet the meanness of this Trifle, infuses a secret shame into me, when I consider how ill a Present I have made to a Person of such eminent Merit and Grandeur, whose Obliging, and not to be exampled Clemency, induces him to Patronize a Piece that rather diminishes, than brings the least addition to his Fame. Had it been an Heroick Poem, I might have open'd my eyes with greater assurance, and cherish'd my ambitious thoughts with the resolution of honouring some happy Heroe with your Graces Illustrious Character, and so under pretence of a slender merit springing from the Work, have insinuated my self into your Favour. But whereas other Authors are happy in this particular, how little have I to boast of, when all I can say in my defence, is, That its only good Fortune was, in being the Subject of the Courts Diversion, where their Noble Clememcy and Good Nature were extreamly requisite, in covering its defects from the too Censorious? His Majesty, according to his accustomed Royal and Excellent Temper, was

pleas'd to descend so far, as to give it a particular Applause, which was seconded by your Grace, little considering, my Lord, the Pride a young Author might be infected with, in seeing his Play honour'd with so dignified an Approbation. But when I had the honour to wait upon you, and saw shining in all your Actions the glorious Beams of Humility, Courtesie, true Honour and Virtue, Perfections seldom seen in Great Men, 'tis impossible for me to decipher my thoughts, nor had I Power to utter them; for my Minds surprize added to the imperfection of my Speech, though I had leisure to consider how despicable a thing is Pride, when suppress't by the pious Inclinations of a generous Virtue. Pardon me, my Lord, if the indefatigable Zeal I owe your Grace, makes me wander from the nicer Rules of Dedication; And I beseech you believe, that as to admire you, I never can enough, so to flatter you, is far beyond my power, you being far above it; I have more reason to beg your Pardon for this Trespass, than to incur your Anger for another Default: A Buffoon, tho' he may be often stil'd the sport and diversion of Princes, would very ill become the Name of their Companion. And so this Play, though it had the Fortune to please you as Spectator, must needs blush at its insufficiency, being receiv'd as a Bosom Friend. Confession (my Lord) *makes an abatement of the Crime, and to make it wholly pardonable, the rest must be impos'd upon your Graces Clemency that authoriz'd my Boldness; the Clemency that drew me from a melancholy Retirement, where Content and I were often quarrelling about a slender Fortune, to visit the blissful Habitation of Virtue and Grandeur. Birds sing most sweetly that sit in the Sunbeams; and 'tis, I confess, the Natural Ambition of most Poets, to shelter themselves under the Wings of Nobility, Encouragement adding more sweetness to their Pens, and more vivacity to their Fancy: But to study to deserve the Blessings of your Favour, shall be ever the great and sole Ambition of,*

MY LORD,

Your Graces most humble,

and most devoted Servant,

Tho. Durfey.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lord *Bellamore.*	Mr. *Betterton.*
Manley Friend to *Bellam.*	Mr. *Smith.*
Sir Arthur Oldlove, an Antiquary.	Mr. *Sandford.*
Captain *Tilbury*, an old faſhion'd blunt Fellow.	Mr. *Medbourn.*
Zechiel. } Sons to *Tilbury.*	Mr. *Anthony Leigh.*
Toby. } Sons to *Tilbury.*	Mr. *James Nokes.*
Old *Jollyman.*	Mr. *Underhill.*
Harry, Son to *Jollyman.*	Mr. *Jevan.*
Flaile, Servant to *Tilbury.*	Mr. *Richards.*
Dorrel, alias *Friendlove.*	Mr. *Norris.*

WOMEN.

Madam Fickle.	Mrs. *Mary Lee.*
Conſtantia, Daughter to *Sir Arthur.*	Mrs. *Barrer.*
Arbella.	Mr. *Gibbs.*
Silvia Attendant to *Fickle.*	Mrs. *Napper.*
Three Wenches.	

Conſtable, Watch, Footmen, Maskers, Muſitioners, and Attendants.

SCENE
Covent-Garden.

Prologue, by Mr. *Smith.*

FAncy and Sence, the glorious Twins of Wit,
That us'd t'imbeliſh what a Poet writ,
Are now as poor and deſpicable grown,
As an old wrinkled Trader of the Town,
With hollow Eyes, no Teeth, and tatter'd Gown;
Like her they are neglected by you Wits,
And forc'd to trade with Country-Squires and Cits,
Who with their Eighteen-pence uphold the Stage,
Which you would ruine with your Critick Rage:
By Heaven, Sirs, it is a Curſed Age.
Too late 'tis now for Poets to get Fame,
Their Works are only fit for you to Dam.
They toil, 'tis true, but gain, inſtead of Praiſe,
Malignant Cenſures; Thorns, inſtead of Bayes.
The great Cabal ſo partial do appear,
An Authors Wit lies buried in his Fear.
And as a Painter in his skill grown nice,
Still mends and mends, till he has ſpoil'd the Piece;
So too much care in ſtriving to eſſay
New Scenes of Wit, oft ruines a good Play.
The Factious Club are Mercileſs of late,
Carping, Ill-natur'd, and Degenerate;
Sifting ſo much to find each little Fault,
They loſe their beſt diverſion in their Thought.
And though facetious Plays, and the learned Pit,
When Colledges have fail'd, have taught them Wit;
The Stages Ruine unconcern'd you ſee,
And Dam th'Original of Gallantry.
Shou'd we leave off, then we ſhould hear you ſay,
Dam'em, what Drones are theſe, why don't they Play?
'Sblud, I ſhall never leave this Wenching vein,
Jack, my laſt ſwinging Clap's broke out agen.
And if we do Play——then your Cenſure raiſe,
And to encourage us, Dam all our Plays;
Nothing will pleaſe, I wonder what a Devil
Makes Men of Wit ſo formally uncivil.
But ſince 'tis ſo, and you thus Cruel prove,
We muſt appeal t'our Friends that ſit above,
Whoſe wiſe indifferent Cenſures grace a Play,
As Squibs and Crackers do——a Lord Mayors Day.

MADAM FICKLE; OR, THE Witty False One.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Jollyman *and* Harry.

Joll. SIrrah! Not a Penny: I say 'tis lost upon thee.

Har. I say—How, Sir!

Jol. How, Sir? I'le tell you, Sir—First thou art a Melancholy Fellow, a kind of Hypocondriack, as I am told, and instead of making, spoil'st good Company.

Har. Pish: Good Sir, believe it not.

Jol. Secondly: Sirrah, thou hast quite forgot to sing, a Quality that was Hereditary, a Benefit that has grac'd our Family for above these twenty Years; and like a Varlet thou hast neglected it.

Har. Not I i'faith, Sir! You are mis-inform'd. I am not melancholy, nor any thing of that which you imagine. I can sing too, loudly, and for the Benefit of Company. 'Tis true, Sir, want of Money———

Joll. Sirrah, Sirrah, a lie deserves a Cudgel. Do not vex me. Udsbores, did I not see you yesterday at Sir *Arthur Oldlove*'s, holding your hands up thus——conning your Lesson? what business can you have with Antiquaries, except it be to practice disobedience, or turn Precisian to disgrace thy Family?

Harr. Why, Sir, I'le tell you what.

Joll. No, Sir, you need not;
I know the trick already. Speed the Plough, Sir.
Alas! What should you do with Money? To you that neglect the World—Money's a Torment. I have consider'd it—and will not tempt you——Money was made for those that laugh, and drink with appetite, whose merry Souls—put Padlocks on dull Conscience, and live the life of sence *cum Privilegio*. *Harr.*

Harr. I will excel in Mirth, Sir. Every day ſhall give you proof, each hour variety, your Houſe ſhall ring with ſhouts of Joy and Muſick: I long have wiſh'd it ſo: But ſtill the duty, the reſerved Reverence that I bore you, Sir, made me forbear——But ſince you'l have it otherwiſe, it meets my wiſhes fully.

Foll. And mine too, Sir. And a pox on Reverence I ſay, an Ounce of true *Engliſh* Mirth is worth a Pound on't: But this Antiquary—— What Buſineſs had you there, Sir? anſwer me that.

Harr. Sir, there is a rich Widow lodges at his Houſe, one to whom my private inclinations have been long devoted; and by feigning an Auſterity yeſterday in Sir *Arthur*'s Company, I got acceſs to her.

Foll. Is ſhe merry, can ſhe ſing?

Harr. To a Miracle, Sir. She's extreamly Muſical: Plays o' th' Guittar, and tells a Story with the beſt Grace I ever ſaw.

Foll. 'Sbud a fine Woman: I warrant her. Hang pinching, *Harry*, thou ſhalt have her.

Harr. She's very reſerv'd; but withall uſes a modeſt freedom that's infinitely taking.

Foll. Udsbores! I like it well, a merry Modeſty, and an unſtain'd Integrity add much to Feminine Capacities: Let the World rub, *Harry*—I ſay thou ſhalt have her. There, there's Money for thee—— Nay if thou wertthere upon deſign,'tis another matter, I muſt allow that. When I was a young Man I was the beſt at a deſign: Ah, I could ha' gone through ſtitch i'faith: But come, hang pinching—*Harry*, thou ſhalt have her.

SONG.

Away with the Cauſes of Riches and Cares,
That poiſon our Spirts, and ſhorten our Years:
No pleaſure can be,
In ſtate or degree,
But 'tis mingl'd with Troubles and Fears.
Then periſh all Fops by a Sobriety dull'd,
Whilſt he that is merry reigns Prince of the World.
The Querks of the Zealous of Beauty or Wit,
Tho' ſupported by Power, at laſt muſt ſubmit.
For he that is ſad
Grows wretched or mad,
Whilſt Mirth like a Monarch does ſit:
It cheriſhes life in the Old and the Young,
And makes every day be both happy and long.

Foll. By Heav'n a rare Woman, a moſt Divine Creature. Sirrah, there's more Money, and do but wheedle dexterouſly. Do but get this Woman, and then hang pinching, let the World rub.

Harr. I'le warrant you, Sir. So, I have open'd his Purſe at laſt! How now, who's this?

Enter

Enter Tilbury *and* Toby.

Foll. Hoh! My old Friend and Fellow-Collegian Mr. *Tilbury* I'faith I am glad to see you. This was good luck to meet you here after so long absence. Pray how fare all our old Friends in *Salisbury?*

Tilb. In health, Sir; hard labour, plain Diet, and Hearts Ease, are still the best Physicians. All well——All well——

Foll. Why let the World rub: I am glad on't i'faith. This is your Son, I think, Mr. *Tilbury.*

Tilb. One of 'em, Sir. *Toby*——your Hat. T'other hand, Sirra! Well, this Boy will never learn breeding.

Foll. Oh I'le warrant you, Sir, here he'll soon learn that; a very hopeful youth indeed——

Tilb. Ay, ay, God send him Grace, Sir, he may do well enough! What Mr. *Harry!* By Coxbodikins I did not know you. You are grown a lusty stripling since I saw you last: Ah—Lord, how time passes! I am heartily glad to see you, Good Mr. *Harry.* 'Sbud he sprouts up finely—I hope your Mother's well, Mr. *Harry.*

Harr. Very well, Sir.

Tilb. Still twirling your Hat, and squezing your Gloves. [*To* Toby. Sirra leave that trick, or by St. *Jago* I'le lame thee. I wonder when you see Mr. *Harry* in such a posture——

Foll. Oh give him a little time, Sir, he is not yet wean'd from the Country.

Tilb. No, no, my Cudgel shall wean him. Good, Sir, let me go: Sirra, Sirra,——Have I not told you of this?

Foll. He'l mend it quickly, Sir. Pray—have a little patience, and setting this apart, what business brought you to Town, good Mr. *Tilbury?*

Tilb. Why, Sir, I have a Suit of Law depending here i'th' *Chancery*, which I am resolv'd to make an end of; and my next business is, I intend to marry both my Sons to two Fortunes, which are here provided for 'em.

Foll. Both! Why, have you another Son?

Tilb. Another! Yes, *Zechiel.* Did you never here of *Zechiel?* H'as been a Student in the *Temple* this three years, another-gues's fellow than this, I assure you, all Air and Spirit he——'Sbodikins, I am told in the Country there's not a true Wit in all the Fraternity but he.

Foll. Why then hang pinching; he's a brave Fellow. Come, Sir, here's a Glass of excellent old Hock here at *Longs.* I'le give you your welcome to Town.

Tilb. Old Hock! what a Dickins is that? Sir, a Dish of Racy Canary if you please, I am for no Hocks! 'Sbodikins, Wine was never good since it has been corrupted with such barbarous notions.

Foll. Well, Sir, I'le warrant you I'le please you.

Tilb. Sirrah, walk you yonder in the (what d'e call 'ems) the *Piaz-*

za's, and if *Flaile* my man come, direct him hither: and d'e hear, leave that sneaking Dog-look of yours, or by St. *Jago*——well,—— I say no more for this time. Do'nt provoke me. [*Ex.* Till. Joll.

Tob. What a peevish old fellow 'tis? Sure he has been stung with a Wasp to day——He's so fretful——But Udshash, I'le not be controul'd so, and so I'le tell him when time serves.

Harr. Faith, Sir, he's a little too severe: Why he uses you like a meer Child.

Tob. Ay—like an Infant—huh——because he's old, he thinks no body has breeding but himself; but Udshash——in *Salisbury* I assure you I pass for the more accomplish'd person.

Har. Without doubt, Sir, he were an arrant Coxcomb that wou'd dispute that——why, you have a good presence.

Tob. Yes? thank a good Nurse: I am pretty well fortified by Nature, and yet every thing I do, he forsooth mislikes, as if I were a Fool, and knew not how to carry my self: Udshash, I wonder he has no more Civility——

Harr. O Sir! Old Men that have the prerogative of being Fathers, think it but decent to use that liberty: But setting aside this discourse; Mr. *Toby*, may not my Ambition desire the satisfaction of knowing the name of this excellent person you are to marry.

Tob. Why Sir—to tell you the Truth of the business, I don't know her name my self; for I never saw her yet. For the old Fool my Father carries matters so closely, that I can never know any thing: But by *Jeroboam* I'le fit him; For if I marry without good pre-meditation, I am the Son of an *East-India* Bagpiper; and so Udshash I'le tell him.

Harr. Marry a stranger, and one you never saw? By Heaven 'tis unreasonable.

Tob. Udshash! He's the most unreasonable Cormudgeon you ever knew——i'th' Winter he will not let me come near the fire for fear of catching Chil-blanes.

Har. Not warm your self——

Tob. No: Did you ever hear the like? But Zooks I fitted him once; for I burnt a whole Stack of Hay down to the ground on that occasion, and warm'd my self in spight of him.

Harr. Ha, ha, ha,—a Witty invention, by my life; but Mr. *Toby*, I suppose you know what Quality she that must be your Wife is?

Tob. Yes, yes: She's of very good Quality, and a Widow, and very rich I am told.

Harr. A Widow, Sir? 'Sdeath if it should be my Mistress——

Tob. As to her conditions, I am ignorant of 'em; but they had need be good; for I have miss'd many a wealthy Match for her sake.

Harr. Certainly, Sir, I've the honour to know this Lady; pray where does she lodge?

Tob. D'e know her? I'm glad o'that i'faith. You may do me a great kindness in telling me some of her Conditions——Why, Sir, she lodges here

here in *Bridges-street* at the House of Sir *Arthur Oldlove* the fam'd Antiquary.

Harr. The same, by Heaven. 'Sdeath, was ever such luck? Sir, I was involv'd in a mistake, I thought she had been a Lady of my acquaintance: But, good Sir, how came this Match so forward, since you say she's a stranger to you?

Tob. Why, Sir! You must know this same Sir *Arthur* is my Fathers intimate friend, and this Widow lodging at his house, he presently gave notice of it: Telling him, he doubted not but he could make her a Match for me. But the main Cause of his kindness is, because he designs my Brother *Zechiel* to marry his Daughter.

Har. Very good—now have I an itching mind to swinge this [*Aside.* Rascal: But 'tis so notorious a Fool, that a beating is lost upon him. Then you're resolv'd to marry ——

Tob. Yes! Hang't I will marry—I fancy there's a great deal of pleasure in't. First to command a Family, and sit at the upper end of the Table. Then to make my Wife serve instead of a *Vallet de Chambre*, and never pay her no Wages neither: Then to command her this way, that way, t'other way, and every way; for this thing, that thing, t'other thing, and every thing: Udshash 'tis very pretty——

Harr. But, Sir, you still miss the right end of Marriage.

Tob. That's all one, Sir——why we must take our Fortune. 'Tis as the Fates decree——

Harr. Gad the Fates are very uncivil to meddle in a matter that so nearly concerns you. But Sir! there is one thing more; there's a certain ill Fate attends Marriage—Horns, Sir; are you not afraid of being a Cuckold?

Tob. A Cuckold! ha, ha, ha——I see he's a little foolish——a Cuckold, Sir, Udshash—in *Salisbury* they know not what it means. 'Tis your *London* Air that breeds Cuckolds: Here's your horny Forrest—But Udshash, they say here a Courtier can't walk the streets without being perpetually troubled in returning the Complements to some of his Cuckolds: Besides, they're so general a Society here, that no body minds 'em—but in *Salisbury*—if a man is suspected to be a Cuckold, he presently gets into Office, either of Constable, or head Church-warden, that his degree may recover his disgrace——Nay for better security, some of 'em padlock their Wives: And Udshash that is certainly the safest way? and I wonder the Citizens here don't take it into Consideration.

Harr. Get one of the Common Council to petition the King for an Act of Parliament to that purpose.

Tob. 'Tmay be necessary as things stand sometimes——But see here comes *Flaile*: Udshash my Brother too, now for a peal of Wit.

Enter Zechiel *and* Flaile.

Zech. Hah *Toby*——Beangarson touch Flesh, touch Flesh: Welcome to Town i'faith——upon honour thou look'st well, only thy Clothes a

little diſguiſe thee; but no matter, where's my Father, hah—*Bandog* and I have been ſeeking him this hour, prithee where is he?

Tob. Gone to the Tavern with an old Friend of his.

Zech. Come! Let us go thither too; Upon honour the Tavern's a ſweet place, and next to the Play-houſe, the moſt becoming a Gentleman of any thing——Sir, I kiſs your hand, and beg your [*To* Harry. Pardon for neglect in Salutation: But my Eyes being ſerenely fix'd upon my Brother, there happen'd an accidental Eclipſe between my impriſon'd Aſpect, and, Sir, your Perſon: But the Luminaries of my Soul being kindled by diſcretion, I have now liberty to acknowledge and amend my fault committed in point of Demeanour.

Tob. What! What's all this? Udſhaſh *Zechiel*'s mad———

Harr. Sir! I am very unskilful in a Repartee of this nature, and therefore beg your excuſes, if all I can ſay is, that your wit had no occaſion for half this Apology.

Zech. Sir, your very Servant. *Toby*, Come let's to the Tavern, upon honour I'le make thee drunk to night, give me thy hand. What dull——flat——like a Poet in a Church, prithee hold up thy head and laugh Man, and let us ſing, and roar, and drink away the night like Sons of Thunder, to morrow will be time enough to ſee my Father. Hey, come along, Boy. *Bandog*, Sirrah, you ſhall go too. You ſhall drink Bumpers out of your Cuſtard-Cap, you Rogue, and be drunk for the honour of your Country——— [*Strikes off* Flailes *Hat.*

Tob. Yes, yes! He's mad———

Flail. 'Slid! For ought I ſee you need no Wine: prating will in a ſhort time make you too drunk for any civil Mans Company.

Zech. Well ſaid *Ploughſhare*: Why how now *Bully*! ſtill in thy Dumps! not a word to ſave a Mans longing? [*To* Toby. Prithee look up and ſpeak like a Man of Worſhip: 'Sdeath I muſt new mould you e're we part: I perceive that you'l degenerate elſe: Upon Honour he's no kin to me that is not as briſk as a Dancing Maſter. Give me the Spirit of Converſation, a Man that ſings, and talks, and laughs, and ſtares——and comes aloft thus with agility, hah---[*Vaults.*

Har. Like a Taylor o're a Waſhing-block: Well, I muſt leave 'em; for the Diſeaſe of Folly is as catching as that of the Plague.——Gentlemen your Servant.

Zech. Ah Sir, you will not leave us: Shall we not break a jeſt together o're a Glaſs of *Burgundy*! Upon honour a Man of Wit is to me as welcome as a Beautiful Woman. *Toby*, addreſs your ſelf to the Gentleman your Friend.

Tob. Sir! the Truth is, my Brother's a little off o'th' Hooks; but 'twill quickly away——'Tis only the over-flows of Wit. You know the old ſaying, *Sine aliqua Dementio nullus Phœbus*! This Wit is plaguy troubleſome.

Harr. Right Sir. Therefore to prevent, I'le take my leave till ſome other time. [*Exit* Harry.

Zech.

Zech. Is he gone? Dam him he has no Mony now, not a souse—— I know it. Upon honour, in this age a Man knows not who to bestow his Gallantry upon: If he gets among Persons of Quality, they are so Critical, that he has not matter enough to work on: If amongst the Vulgar; 'tis lost upon 'em; for the sense of paying a Reckoning, makes them as dull as a *Cantabrigian* newly enter'd into Orders.

Flail. Ay, this *London*'s a wicked Place, that's the Truth on't. Che' have gone 3 mile about, and can hardly see ought but Ale-houses and Taberns.

Tob. Nay, the worst is, one can hardly know a Church from a Tavern, but only the Church has ne're a Sign.

Zech. A good Observation! Gad I'le pinch thee for that. Pinch him *Bandog*, leave your Church you Dog, and execute my Mandates. Ha, ha, ha. [*Kicks away his Staff, he falls down.*

Tob. Ha, ha, ha, up again *Flaile*; there's no harm done. Udshash! *Zechiel*'s grown an arch wag.

Flail. Arch quoth a! 'Slid he has broke my Nose——D'e laugh? Ah you may be asham'd o' your Actions. Your Worshipful Father wou'd ne'r ha' serv'd me zo.

Zech. Nay! No anger *Flaile!* No anger! What's a fall to a Man o' thy parts; Upon honour 'tis customary here to give or take a fall from any Man, especially amongst Friends.

Lord Bellamore, *Mr.* Manly, and Footmen pass over the Stage.

Bella. Sirrah take this Letter, and do as I command you, away—— you shall find me in the Mall—— [*Ex.* Footman.

Come *Manly*, let's away——how now? Who's here? My Fop of the *Temple*, *Jack?* This is he I told thee of. I won 300 Guineys of him t'other night at Back-gammon.

Manl. 'Twas well you won 'em: They might else have been thrown away upon one of far less merit; for I see he has a kind of a losing Face——he'l ne'r thrive at play.

Zech. My Noble Lord! I kiss your Lordships great Toe. Worthy, Sir, your Adorer. Upon honour my Lord you had the most Victorious Chance t'other night I ever knew: But since it was my Fortune to lose, Fate did me a great honour in choosing your Lordship for my Conquerour.

Bella. Sir! the most worthy are still more subject to ill chance, and 'tis as absolutely impossible for me to excuse my own good Fortune, as to enlarge upon your Merits.

Zech. Ah! Your Lordship o'rewhelms me in the deluge of your Gallantries. Be pleas'd to know my Brother, my Lord. 'Tis true, he's meanly apparel'd, because newly come from the Blessing of 1500 a year in the Country, to spend a Month or two in Town——but else upon honour of a good stature, straight back, and a Head of most hopeful expectation.

Bella

Bella. He ſeems no leſs, Sir. I wiſh I had leiſure to comment upon his perfections.

Zech. Then here's my *Bandog*, a tough Raſcal, a Fellow of ſo ſtrange Conſtitution, that 'thas been often diſputed which was the better breed, e or his Oxen! Upon honour a ſecond *Hobſon*; my Lord an everlaſting *Plough-ſhare*—do but view him! Stand forth O Man of *Motley!* Ha, ha, ha——he bluſhes upon honour, he changes Countenance.

Manl. Not for a worſe I hope.

Bella. No, not unleſs he ſhould ſteal one off the Poles at *London* Bridge. But come, Prithee let's away: Such another deſcription would induce me to beat this Fellow for ſpoiling my Stomach to my Dinner—— [*Aſide.*

Zech. What's that? Dinner! Will your Lordſhip dine with me? a diſh of Partridges, and a Joul of Salmon (my Lord.)

Bella. But your ſauce is ſcurvy, and will doubtleſs corrode upon my Nature.

Zech. Gad! the beſt ſauce in the World. This Fellow was Cook to the King of *France*, and upon honour is the moſt ingenſous in his Function of any Man in Chriſtendom.

Manl. But, Sir, our intrigue lies another way.

Bella. Sir, we are to day Men of great buſineſs, and there is a preſſing Affair that requires inſtant performance. Therefore adieu. [*Ex.* Bel. Ma.

Zech. This is the bane of our Nobility. Pride——Sloth, and ill Manners undoes the Nation.

Tob. A Lord quoth a! If all Lords have no more breeding than this, the Nation is like to have a hopeful Houſe of Peers. Udſhaſh I could have carried matters better than ſo my ſelf—For with reverence be it ſpoken, and under the Roſe, my Lord was as unmannerly a Fellow as I ever ſaw.

Flail. Ha, ha, ha—he a Noble Man, and punctilio no better. By th'Maſs the Major of our Town has more manners by half.

Zech. Pſhaw—What's matter? Let 'em go, upon honour I ſcorn their ignorance, and to let 'em ſee the Power of a Man of Wit: Thou and I will Lampoon 'em. I'le teach thee within this three days to be a Man of Mode; and thou ſhalt talk, and roar, and fight, and ſing, even with the beſt, nay Cocks of all the Bullies. I'le teach thee the moſt new and dextrous way of picking Wenches up. Then thou ſhalt know their tempers, conſtitutions: Whether they are i'th' Boat or may be Boarded. Thou ſhalt know every thing Boy. I'le be a true Brother to thee.

Tob. Hoy Boys, then I'le warrant I'le learn quickly: Nay Udſhaſh—I'm very quick at any thing I give my mind to.

Zech. No more blowing of Noſes on your ſleeve, nor twirling of Band-ſtrings, d'e here? but when you are in Company, Cock your Hat, place your Arms thus, look like the Son of *Thunder*, and cry Hoh.

Tob.

Tob. Hoh——Udſhaſh! I'le warrant thee I'le do't.

Zech. Then we'll have our names alter'd: Let the old Prophets keep their Appellations; we'll be new Chriſtned: Mine ſhall be—*Filleſtorido*; thine *Rounſivel*——Hey *Rounſivel*: Upon Honour it ſounds rarely—— and then for humour.

Tob. Ay, ay, I warrant thee Boy! If I can but get a little Wit into this Pate of mine, let me alone for humour.

Zech. Then, my *Pithagoras*, ſhall thou and I make a Tranſmigration of Souls. Thou ſhalt marry my Miſtreſs, and thy Wife ſhall be my Gracious *Paramour*: 17 Punks ſhall be thy proportion, thou ſhalt ſleep in the comfort of clean Linnen; Wench with a ſafe Conſcience, and eat no more freſh Beef at Supper; but the Fleſh-pots of *Egypt* ſhall fatten thee, and the Graſhoper flouriſh in thy Summer.

Tob. Hoy! Rare, rare *Phillorolido*! Prithee give me a Note o' thy Name! Udſhaſh I ſhall ne'r hit on't elſe——

Zech. Come away then, we'll go preſently and Practice——
And to the Tavern door make our Approaches,
Like Hect'ring Gallants ruſhing from Gilt Coaches.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Scene 1. *The Mail.*

Enter Lord Bellamore *and* Manley.

Bella. A Fool is a *Vacuum* in Nature; a Prolix ſtory without Marginal Notes; in whoſe Company a man neither gets credit nor profit: If he be Rich, his greateſt perfection is Avarice: if Poor, he is altogether deſpicable, and unfit for Society——

Manl. I am not of your mind; for if Profit turn the Scale, there's certainly moſt to be got by half-witted people; and as to the diſgrace, the Notion of a Fool is ſo general, and there's ſo many ſorts of 'em, that a man loſes not an Inch of Reputation, but rather gets credit by their defect.

Enter Page.

Bella. Now, Sirrah! what News?

Page. I deliver'd your Letter as your Lordſhip directed; and ſhe deſires your viſit to be as ſpeedily as you can; for ſhe has a Kinſman that about an hour hence has ingag'd himſelf to wait on her; whoſe Company ſhe fears may be very prejudicial.

Bella.

Bella. I'le be with her presently. *Jack*! I must beg thy pardon.

Manl. What an assignation, my Lord! A Love-challenge, I warrant.

Bella. Even so i' faith; and I must thither instantly. Where shall we meet at night?

Manl. At *Lambs* with the Fiddles and a Talboy.

Bella. Agreed: I will not fail thee—*Jack*, farewell. Sirrah follow me—— [*Exit* Bell. *and* Page.

Man. So! I am glad it happens thus; I should else have been put to the trouble of excusing my absence from him. Let me see, 'tis now five a Clock! at six I promis'd *Celia* to visit her, and his absence gives me a happy opportunity to perform it. I'le take a walk round the Park, and by that time 'twill be very near the hour. [*Ex.* Man.

Enter Zechiel *and* Toby *in a new Suit.*

Zech. Splendid and Gent, upon honour thou art Metamorphos'd; a Courtier of the first Edition. Thou hast the Town Air already, and wear'st thy Cloaths with a boon meen. Walk a little! walk! ah—— observe always to keep your Toes outward, and your Elbows as far back as you can; that's right! give me thy hand: Upon honour thou art a modish Fellow——

Tob. Udshash——I must quarrel. I shall not be a right Gallant till I have beaten some body, or am beaten, it's all one: Hah! *Philloromine.* Plague on't I shall never hit of thy name.

Zech. Thou shalt beat a Constable to night, thou and I will scour through the Flannel *Mermidons*, and come off Conquerours; nay, rather than fail thou shalt beat me: but I'le ha' thee flesh'd. Stand here! Suppose me now a Drawer, and that I had been tardy in procuring a Wench according to your order: what wou'd you do o' th' sudden?

Tob. Do! Why thus? a Box o' th' Ear for a Prologue, you know that's but reasonable— [*Strikes him.*

Zech. Right upon honour. 'Tis necessary——but forward.

Tob. Hoy; *Scaramouchi*, *Rascal*, *Paltron*, *Popinjay*! Son of 20 Fathers, besides out-liers, comers and goers; must a man of honour wait your leisure, you Dog, and miss his necessary diversion, through the negligence of such a Scarab: Udsbores, I'le beat thee into a Tripe. No haste? No attendance? [*Beats* Zechiel.

Zech. Hold, hold! ha, ha, ha; the right Town-humour *Ned*, Flesh to the life——ha, ha, ha. Let me kiss thee for this; if thou canst but get the art of gleaning from Plays, and remember'st but my Rules for picking up Wenches; upon honour in a short time not a Bully Rock of 'em all can come near thee for Gallantry.

Tob. Ay; but they say the best way of picking up Wenches is to speak Bawdy to 'em, and the truth is, I am alittle shame-fac'd at present; but I shall quickly come to't.

Enter

Enter Arbella, Conſtantia, *and* Page.

Arb. So pleaſant and ſo inconſtant a Temper till now I never knew: Her Carriage is ſo graceful and obliging, that 'tis infinitely delightful to all Companies; and if ſhe happens to ſpeak of Love, methinks there flows a ſweetneſs from her Language, that charms the Ear.

Conſt. And yet ſhe's falſe as Hell; ſo ſtrangely wedded to inconſtancy, that the Town begins to take notice of her, and ſpeaks the more loudly, as being ignorant of her quality: Sirrah carry that Letter as I directed you——

Tob. Udſhaſh! Here's Women, Brother; good Buoy! I'le be gone; My Heart fails me already. I ſhall never be able to ſpeak to 'em.

Zech. Not ſpeak to 'em! Upon honour thou ſhalt, bravely too: What flinch in thy firſt Charge. Come back for ſhame; obſerve me, I'le begin——I'le introduce thee——Ladies! the Devil take me if it be not a Maxim againſt Reaſon and Civility, for you to walk thus without Servants. But obliging Fortune, a particular Friend to your Sex, has ſent hither for that Employment my Brother and my ſelf, and if your pleaſure——

Arb. Sir! you will add very much to our pleaſure to leave us; for we are in ſo ill a humour, that the Overtures of your imaginary Wit will be loſt upon us.

Zech. Leave you! Shall I leave a Lady to the Tyranny of Melancholy, that may be diverted with the pleaſure of my Company: Madam, I know more of the Punctilio's of Civility than ſo; therefore as I was ſaying, my Brother and my ſelf——

Conſt. Oh heavens, Madam! This is the very Fool that my Father deſigns me to marry.

Arb. It ſeems he knows you not.

Conſt. No; he never ſaw me but once, and then 'twas at a Window.

Zech. My Brother and my ſelf, Madam, two of the moſt acompliſh'd Sparks i' th' Town.

Arb. Two of the moſt conceited Fops i' th' Town——

Zech. That ſhall be punctual in obſerving your Commands.

Conſt. That ſhall be beaten moſt unmercifully, if you ſtay a little longer.

Zech. Beaten, Madam! What raſh Preſumer, careleſs of his Life, dares think a thought like that——Beaten!

Tob. Udſhaſh, ſhe has quell'd my Courage already, wou'd I were at home again.

Zech. But I ſee, Madam, you are diſpoſed to rally: Beaten! There goes more to the beating of a Man of Parts, than you imagine. Upon honour I was my ſelf once ſo well skill'd in beating People, that the Herald had like to have given me a Battoon for my Creſt; thereby to have ſignaliz'd my Valour to Poſterity.

Arb. I wonder you miſs'd ſo decent an Honour: For I am of opinion 'twas an excellent Device, and very ſuitable to your new-coin'd Gentility.

Zech. New-coin'd! Damme, this comes of walking without a Foot-boy: Brother prithee come and eſpouſe my quarrel. Theſe Eternal Talkers have made my Throat as dry as a Spunge already——Come! Addreſs, Addreſs——They tell me that ours is a new-coin'd Gentility.

Conſt. Well, Sir, and what has your large quantity of Wit to ſay on this occaſion?

Tob. I ſay! why I ſay——Say you what you will: The Family of the *Tilburies* is an Antient Family, God bleſs the Royal Family, as any Family in Chriſtendom, and he that ſays the contrary is the Son of a Whore, and my Brother here ſhall cut him into Stakes.

Zech. Well ſaid, *Rounſival.*

Arb. 'Slight! Prithee let's away; this angry Fool will beat us.

Tob. So, ſo——now they begin to fear me: I ſhall do well enough; the Coat of the *Tilbury's* new-coin'd——Udſhaſh 'tis as old as *Tilbury Camp*, and that was in the ſame year with *Noahs* Flood.

Conſt. Inſufferable Impertinence! They may well be Brothers; for their united Follies out-vies their Conſanguinity.

Enter Manly.

Manl. Madam! the *Mall* may now boaſt of a Happineſs unparallel'd, enjoying the ſweetneſs of your Company.

Arb. Still your Rhetorical Vein Mr. *Manly*, you conſider not the weak Capacities of Women.

Manl. Yes Madam: I may conſider it; but am ſufficiently ſatisfied in my knowledge of your Capacity to think it mean: But me thinks your looks are not ſo lively as 'tis uſually: Your Eyes have loſt part of their fire: No late loſs I hope Madam, has caus'd this alteration?

Arb. None, Sir, only a little moleſted with the preſent heat, and continual buzzing about of Flies that haunt me.

Manl. Flies; I underſtand you, Madam.

Tob. Come; I think we had beſt go: Here's ſome miſchief hatching.

Zech. I'le not ſtir upon honour, what a Pox he dares not draw in the *Mall.*

Manl. Sir! I ſee your Preſence has the misfortune to be diſtaſtful to theſe Ladies, to whom I have the honour to be known: Therefore 'twill become you and your Brother Fop there, to leave 'em, and retire to your better Conveniences.

Zech. Brother Fop Sir! Upon honour you licence your Tongue by the priviledge of the place; ſuch an attribute ſhould not have paſs'd unreveng'd elſe——but, Sir, a time will come——

Manl. When I ſhall cut your Throat, Sir: Come Ladies, I'le be your Guardian;

Guardian; Let these Mushroms stand if they dare. The respect I bear the Noble Company that usually walk here, ties up my Sword; but if they sleep on't hang me. [*Ex.* Manl. *and Ladies.*

Tob. Udshash! I'le go hire a Coach, and into the Country immediately.

Zech. The Country! Such another word and I'le renounce thee for ever; Prithee think no more on't: He'll be hang'd before he'll Challenge us.

Tob. I see he has a murd'rous intention, and 'tis an act of prudence to be careful.

Enter Flaile.

Flail. Oh I have found you at last? I wonder where the Dickins you ramble! ch'have search'd all the Coffee-houses and Taberns 'twixt this and *Westminster* for you: Why by th' Mass my young Mr. *Toby* turn'd Gallant too. Whoop! by Coxounty what a change is here? Come you must go to Sir *Arthur Oldloves* to your Father: By th'Mass he's almost out on's Wits for you.

Zech. Go *Bandog*; tell him we come, and Sirrah bid him get a Bottle of Claret, and a Neats Tongue ready——Go———Brother come, cheer up: Pox on't, a Rencounter is nothing when thou art us'd to't—Prithee let's be merry———

Tob. If this Man had not come to disturb us, I could have been very merry——Udshash I could have beaten the Woman into a Jelly; but no matter, Time and Experience shall mend all. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Madam Fickle *and* Silvia.

Fick. Is he come! give me the Glass.

Silv. Yes, Madam, and I've led him into the Parlor. I protest he's a handsome Man, and one that in my opinion little deserves the Cruelty you intend him.

Fick. Call you Affection Cruelty?

Silv. Flattery in Affection is extreamest Cruelty, I know you love him not: I have heard you often confess it: and to possess him with a belief you do, and at last dash his hopes with a denial, is a horrid Torture.

Fick. I am glad he moves your Pity. Do you love him?

Silv. I commiserate his Fortune——his love is a Happiness too high for me; but, good Madam, let me presume to ask the reason why you use all your Lovers thus?

Fick. Well, in hopes to make thy diligence the surer, I'le tell thee why.

'Twas my unhappy Fate ſome three years ſince to fall in Love,
To give away my Heart, and throw my ſelf into the arms of
One of mean deſcent——and alſo ſlender Fortune. Yet had Deſtiny
So link'd my Soul with his, that each kind glance
Shot from his darting Eye, methought went through me.
I lov'd, nay and ador'd with ſo much zeal,
I cou'd have dy'd——nay willingly been tortur'd:
I thought he could not wrong my Innocence; for then I
Swear I was ſo innocent I knew not what ſin was;
Yet this deluding Wretch! this baſe Seducer, although
I ſlighted all for him, laught at my fervent
Paſſion, ſcorn'd and left me, and when I thought his Heart
Was mine for ever, 'twas then moſt treacherous, and fartheſt
From me: Therefore I've made a ſtrict and ſolemn
Vow, on the whole Sex to execute revenge——Flatter, nay
Wheedle all I can, and ever
To practice to enſnare———but to love———never———

Silv. The ſtrangeſt revenge I ever heard; but I doubt not, Madam, in a ſhort time Love will alter your condition.

Fick. I'le venture that——Go and Conduct him hither, and fetch thy Lute and ſing. [*Exit* Silvia.

SONG.

Beneath a Shady Willow, near
A Rivers purling Streams;
Aſtrea *Careleſs of her Sheep,*
With folded Arms lay faſt aſleep,
Poſſeſs'd with Golden Dreams;
Her working faculties ſupply'd, with drowzy ſleep deny'd;
For oft ſhe'd ſigh, and ſmile, and graſp the Air,
Thinking her much-lov'd Celadon *was there.*

But as this ſleeping harmleſs Maid,
Lay rap'd in ſilent Joy,
Poſſeſſing all that could be ſought,
In fetter'd ſenſe or happy thought,
Her Swain came fiſhing by,
He eager of ſuch rapting Bliſs, awak'd her with a Kiſs,
She Bluſhing roſe, and cry'd, unhappy Fate!
Ah Celadon *thou now art come too late.*

Enter Bellamore.

Bella. Mirror of Beauty! Abſtract of perfection,
Sweeter than Banks of Roſes, and more

Glorious

Glorious than the Bright Empreſs of the Ruddy
Morn; when early *Titan* riſes———

Fick. So early in your florid Vein, my Lord. I thought that 12 at night had been always your facetious hour: For Heavens ſake no more of this, you'l loſe your ſelf in theſe Hyperboles.

Bella. To loſe my ſelf in you——were to find Heaven—hah——
Gad Methinks I have expreſs'd my ſelf in as decent
A whining Method, as 'tis poſſible for a Lover to do.
Come! ſhall we abroad, my Coach is at door: Prithee let's to the Park, 'tis a fine Evening.

Fick. No, I am oblig'd to ſtay at home to receive the Viſit of a Kinſman, that ſent word he would wait on me.

Bella. A Pox on Kinſmen! Gad we have other Buſineſs than to mind Relations; in theſe Caſes an aſſignation diſappointed with one of them, is no more than the telling of a Lye, or an ordinary frailty; but to ſpoil an amorous Intrigue, when perſons are not at all times provided, i'gad 'tis a moſt inhumane offence, and merits condign puniſhment in the World to come.

Fick. Ay, Sir———but this is ſuch a Kinſman———

Bella. Such a Kinſman? why the nearer he is related to you, the better he may ſtay: The cold buſineſs of Conſanguinity is ſeldom ty'd to an hour, once a Week, or a Month will ſerve the turn well enough; but the preſſing Affair of Love brooks no delay. The minute muſt be watch'd that guides our Souls to perfect Joys, and they who neglect are Fools.

Fick. Well, if Impudence be a grace in a Lover, I ſwear, my Lord, you have as large a portion as any one I know: What man but you durſt contradict his Miſtreſs thus?

Bella. What Woman but you durſt provoke a Lover thus? Nay one that is to marry you; and conſequently to have power to Tyrannize over you; To lie with you but once a week, and then with an ill will too: To ſend you into the Country to look to your Dairy; To keep a Miſs in Town, and live three times beyond my Eſtate, according to Cuſtom.

Fick. Is it not alſo in my power to be falſe? Is my Beauty ſo mean think you, that no one wou'd make Addreſſes? Lies it not in my ability to wheedle you into a belief of Love, and at laſt to forſake you? ——Aſſure your ſelf it does——but Heaven knows I am too conſtant.

Bella. A Miracle in Nature! A Notion of ſo ſtrange an extravagance, that the very ſound is incredible! Conſtancy in Woman is a ſecond Maidenhead: 'Tis loſt e're they know they have it, and your Conſtitution, Madam, certainly tends that way, and the truth were known———

Fick. He little thinks how right he gueſſes——— [*Aſide.*

Bella. But ſince you are in ſo ill a humour. and are reſolv'd to ſpend this Afternoon here like a Turtle, ſolitarily in your Cage, I'le leave you, and ſtrive to divert my ſelf with other Company: I have a Preſent

ſent here too, which I intended to Dedicate to you; but to the Melancholy all things are diſtaſtful.——

Fick. A Neck-lace of Pearl! I muſt not loſe that ſo——uſe your pleaſure, my Lord. The Virtue of a Preſent ſeldom makes me fond of any Mans Company.

Bella. You think I warrant, this indifference becomes you extreamly. That modiſh turn of your head, and glance of your Eye, you imagine was infinitely taking: But, Madam, I am now in a more ſerious humour, and not to be foold with ſuch Dilatory motions; ſo begging your pardon for my obſtructing your Kinſmans Viſit—I take leave——

Fick. Well! I am the very'ſt Fool. I ſwear, my fondneſs makes you inſult over me; another Woman wou'd have made you comply, and be glad to ask her pardon; but my good nature makes you ſlight me.

Bella. No, this action has indeer'd my Soul to thee, and I am faſter thine than ever: Oh, I could live for ever in thy Arms——feed on thy Lips and ſurfeit with thy Kiſſes,

Enter Silvia.

Silv. Madam, the Gentleman is come.

Fick. Unlucky minute! Sweet my Lord away;
I wou'd not have him ſee you for the World.

Bella. The Devil blow him hence in a Whirlwind: I will obey you? but by Heaven with as ill a will as ever Coward fought a Duel; but ſince it muſt be ſo——adieu: Nay do not ſmile upon me? by the Lord I ſhall tire your Kinſmans patience, and ſtay if you do. Farewell. A Pox upon him I ſay——Farewell, Madam, [*Exit.*

Fick. So, there's one diſpatch'd. I was fain to tell him
'Twas a Kinſman, to get him gone the ſooner——ſtay; this is my paſſionate Lover; one that Woes by Method, and ſpeaks blank Verſe. Now muſt I change my temper ſuitable to his Tone, and ſpeak in the ſame ſtile: Let me ſee; *When* Sapho *lov'd! Oh Heaven! What throngs of woes oppreſs'd her harmleſs Breaſt?* Very well——I have it rarely. Now to my Poſture——This Book——Languiſhing Eyes——So——And neceſſary Handkerchife to wipe Imaginary Tears off——So——The Devil's in't if this is not melancholy enough. Here he comes. [*Sits at the Table.*

Enter Manley.

Manl. Life of my Soul! bright Treaſure of the World,
Queen of perfections, and the beſt
Of all thy Charming Sex——What diſmal Fate
Has caus'd this alteration? Why are thy Eyes,
Late the extreams of Glorious Light, now clouded?
Adding more trouble to the frighted World,

Than

Than when the Sun Eclipſed threatens a Chaos.
Fick. Pardon my Frailty, Sir: I have not learn'd
The power to diſſemble: Who cou'd read
The hapleſs Fate of wretched *Ariadne*?
Hear *Theſeus* falſhood, and the piercing Moans
Of a diſtreſs'd Maid, by Love undone,
Left all alone within a Deſart Iſle,
And not pay Tribute of a Tear or two, to grace the Story?
Manl. 'Twas a horrid act,
And I confeſs deſerves it; but in us,
That love and glory in the Paſſion, 'tis
Not fit deſpair ſhould Tyrannize.
Fick. Let them deſpair that merit no Return,
My paſſion has been permanent.
Manl. And mine
The trueſt Heart that e're obey'd the Dictates
Of Loves Imperial Power, from that hour
That firſt obtain'd my Eye the happy Object
Of your perfections, my poor fetter'd Heart,
Proud of the Chains of ſuch a Conquering Beauty,
Reſolv'd to Grace the long-wiſh'd Victory
With a perpetual Conſtancy.
Fick. And mine,
Bleſs'd with the pleaſure of your Loves Addreſſes,
Grew proud of ſuch a Fortune: Happy *Celia*!
Wou'd I oft cry; if thou canſt purchaſe him,
Thy Race is finiſh'd, th' abſtract of all Love,
Vertue and Valour: Then with my Minds perſpective
Wou'd I ſurvey your Soul, and ſigh, and covet:
Love to my ſenſe ſuch pleaſing Motions brought,
That I was loſt in my own various Thought.
Man. Sweet Creature! Oh my Soul how I adore thee!
The tranſport of whoſe touch has power to kill:
If I ſhou'd viſit often, ſpeak ſweet Charmer,
Will you be always true? always thus Conſtant?
Fick. Conſtant! Alas! What power have I to change
When you poſſeſs my Heart.
Manl. My Soul!
Fick. My Heart!
Manl. My Life! My Vital Spirits! Oh Heaven, I fool my ſelf in too much Love, and dote on my own Happineſs.

Kneels and Kiſſes her Hand.

Fick. He's finely caught! Wit, where art thou now?
Manl. Erring Philoſophers, that Knowledge prais'd
Above the Bliſs of Women, Women, Delicious
Women, Women the

Quinteſſence

Quinteſſence of Nature: Heavens Treaſures
Fram'd to enrich Mankind, and make 'em Deities:
Travel, fond Cynick, through the ſpacious Globe;
Dive through the Sea; thence through the Airy Region
Soar, to find out new pleaſures; and at laſt,
When thou haſt known the Joys of Earth and Heaven,
Believe with me it terminates in Women.

Enter Silvia.

Silv. Madam, your Kinſman is below, and deſires the favour of your Company.

Fick. Unfortunate minute; for Heavens ſake, Sir, begone: I am undone if he ſees you. Heark! he's coming up.

Manl. Was ever Fate like mine —— Wear this, Sweet Creature, and remember me—— [*A Ring.*
So! adieu Divineſt, Sweeteſt, Kindeſt! O Heaven!
Muſt I be gone?—— [*Exit* Manley.

Fick. Ha, ha, ha; I think I did it to the life! *Silvia*, didſt thou hear our Court?

Silv. Yes, Madam; and I ſwear I pity the poor deceiv'd Gentleman.

Fick. Pity him! prithee talk no more on't: but who is that below?

Silv. The Young Briſk Gentleman that fell in love with you yeſterday; he that your Ladyſhip gave the Song to.

Fick. Tell him I'le come to him. [*Exit* Silvia.
Now for a Briſk Airy humour to agree with the Temper of this Fool.
This is the moſt eaſie Fop of all my Pretenders.
There needs no Net for him; his own actions are
His beſt Betrayers. The other two I confeſs have
More Wit: But what then? Love makes a Dunce of a
Counſellor, and their fondneſs proves as prejudicial
As t'others folly. O Men! Silly Men! That fetter'd with
A Smile, forget the Buſineſs of their Creation; the Motives
Of their Honour; and the ſafety of their Country——Thus
Far my revenge is proſperous; and I'le forward. My Panthers
Breath ſhall draw 'em to the Snare; my Tongue ſhall
Charm; my Smiles kindle Loves Fire in their amorous
Souls, till they're ſcorch'd ſeverely; then forſake 'em:
Whilſt in my Breaſt, my Heart obdurate Flint
Shall hear, and yet not pity.
Thus all ſhall know that were like me refus'd,
No Serpent like a Woman when abus'd. [*Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Secundi.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Sir Arthur Oldlove (*ridiculously dreſt, hung with Medals*) Tilbury, Jollyman, Dorell.

[*A Table with Scull, Sword, Vial Shooing-horn. Box and Picktooth,* cum cæteris.

Sir Arth. SIR, 'tis no matter what the World thinks. The World think? why let it think, I ſay, once agen; 'tis ſuch as we redeem loſt time from its Choas of Confuſion; Is there any thing more pleaſant than Antiquities? The knowledge of the diſtinction of Ages, or the deeds and manners of the Ancient, I ſay, is there any thing more pleaſant?——Oh happy *Romans* that took this into conſideration; for my own part I am nothing, a man of Ignorance, a meer Reptile in theſe Rarities.

Joll. Every man in his humor, and let the World rub; Appetite and Fancy are two great Monarchs that ſway Mortality, and hang pinching, udsbores 'tis fit they ſhou'd be ſatisfi'd; but good *Sir Arthur*, what are theſe? Doubtleſs theſe are Rarities too.

Sir Arth. Right Sir, and ſuch Rarities, that were their worth valu'd, the *Weſt-Indies* were too ſmall to Purchaſe them.

Tilb. I warrant this has been ſome Princes or great mans Scull, 'sbodikins he looks ſtill with the face of Authority.

Sir Arth. Fie, fie, Sir, your hat on: This Relique ſhould be toucht with reverence, but your ignorance muſt excuſe all——Pray ſtand a little back——and give attention——This Scull, this noble prudent politick Scull, once belong'd, or as I may more properly ſay, was pertinent to the Body of *St. Gawaine*, a Knight of the Round Table.

Tilb. St. Gawaine! A *Dutchman*, was he not? I believe I know ſome of his Relations.

Sir Arth. A *Dutchman*! oh inſupportable—Sir, did you ever know a Relique made of the Scull of a *Dutchman*? No, he was a *Britain* Sir, a hardy *Britain*; and Nephew to the famous King *Arthur* of happy memory; and this Scull was late reſident in *Dover* Caſtle, brought thither by a fam'd Antiquary, whoſe name time has outworn, and ſince purchas'd by me, to illuſtrate this City, amongſt the reſt of my memorable Antiquities.

Joll. Very well, Sir, proceed.

Sir Arth And this here is the fam'd Hero, *Sir Lancelot du Lake*'s Sword

Tilb. I'le warrant this has been the death of many a Conſtable; but methinks, *Sir Arthur*, the Ruſt has been a little too bold with it.

Sir Arth. Ah Sir! Ruſt adds to Antiquity, 'tis our Friend: And we that are skill'd in theſe matters, can by the Ruſt on a Sword tell how long it has been durable.

Foll. Hang pinching, 'twas well diſcover'd; I ſee a man may live and learn, tho' he be never ſo old, good Sir, forward.

Sir Arth. This here is a Shooing-horn, d'mark me——Hats off ſtill——Pray obſerve it——a Shooing horn

Foll. 'Tis ſo——

Sir Arth. This ſhooing-horn, Gentlemen, the firſt that ever was invented, was, with reverence be it ſpoken, the neceſſary impliment of the Queen of *Sheba*, and left by her careleſs Chambermaid at *Jeruſalem*, after her viſit to King *Solomon*.

Tilb. By St. *Jago* an admirable diſcovery, 'sbodikins who would have thought ſo much ancient Honour could depend upon a ſhooing-horn.

Foll. Very ſtrange! very ſtrange! by St. *Jago*, as you ſay; but the ſtranger the merrier, the merrier the better Company, and ſo hang pinching, let the World rub.

Sir Arth. This is the Silver box that *Nero's* Beard was kept in; 'twas in the *Vatican* 300 Years, and lately preſented to me by a Friend of mine, a man of great authority in *Rome*.

Tilb. Somewhat like a Tobacco-box——

Sir Arth. No compariſons, good Sir, but obſerve, this is the Rubbing-Bruſh of *Silvius Otho*, and this the Picktooth of *Heliogabalus*.

Foll. Carefully preſerv'd from the ruines of time,
To grace your Study, *Sir Arthur*.

Sir Arthur. Laſtly, this laſt——tho' moſt precious and beſt of all my Reliques; this Vial is full of the tears of St. *Jerom*, in former Years pendant upon the Spire of St. *Sepulchres* Steeple; but by my indulgent care and great charge redeem'd from thence when the City was on fire.

Tilb. A thing of moment, Sir, and worth your diligence.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, there's two Gentlemen below deſire admittance.

Tilb. 'Sbodikens my Sons, my Sons: *Sir Arthur*, I ordered them to come hither, that they might ſee the Ladies you writ me word of. Friend ſhew 'em the way up—— [*Ex.* Serv.

Sir Arth. You did well Sir; *Dorell*, go ſee if my Neece be at leiſure, and bid my Daughter come hither. [*Ex.* Dor.

Foll. Ay, ay, come, hang pinching, let's ſee the Lady, let Women make up the Conſort, and then let the World rub, there's mirth and frolick in't, but without Women udsbores 'tis prolix, 'tis impertinent, tis every thing ill, and nothing well; hang pinching, Women, Women, I ſay.

Tilb. Well ſaid 5-and-50, by St. *Jago* thou grow'ſt young agen, thou'rt a very Boy.

Foll. Not frozen, not frozen, heart whole, and warm enough to keep out Weather; udsbores, when I was 1-and-20, I was the ſprightly'ſt Fellow——

Fellow—I cou'd have ſung and danc'd, and leapt and jumpt—hey troll—faith—but 'tis paſt now—however I am ſound—hem—not ſo old, but I am a jolly man ſtill, and hang pinching, let the World rub.

Sir Arth. Well, I ſay ſtill, there's nothing ſo becoming as Gravity.

Enter Zechiel, Toby *and* Flaile.

Tilb. Zechiel——my Boy——how doſt thou——kiſs me ſirrah——'sbud I am glad to ſee thee——they tell me y'are grown an arch Wag——hah——how now? what *Metamorphoſis* ſirrah! where got you them Cloaths? [*To* Tob.

Tob. Now muſt I give him a private Item, or this ignorant old Fool will diſgrace me before all the company. [*Takes him aſide.*

Tilb. Oh! are they ſo, Sir? Well, God give ye joy:
But *Zechiel*, prithee, what News in Town?
Doſt thou thrive——hah——

Zech. Thrive! there's a *Salisbury* queſtion already; upon honour, 'tis pity my Father was no better bred: Sir, the nouriſhing fecundity pertinent to our ſphere, has beſtow'd a better Talent on me than can be poſſibly acquired by Fortunes donation, and therefore——Noble *Sir Arthur*, I ſue to kiſs your hand——I was ſo bury'd in my Fathers Careſſes, that I proteſt my Eyes were Traytors——

Sir Arth. Sir! I hope you and I ſhall have a nearer affinity and knowledge of one another e're long. [Tob. *ſurveys* Sir Arth. *Cloaths.*

Tilb. By *St. Jago* my pains were ill employ'd elſe! Why I came to Town for that purpoſe——

Sir Arth. But where's your Brother, Sir?

Zech. Here, Sir——taking a particular view of your Habit——Upon honour *Sir Arthur*, methinks your Cloaths are not made according to Mode.

Sir Arth. Mode——ah good, Sir, no more o' that, no Modes I beſeech you: my Habit is the Mirror of my Mind, little do you know the value of this outſide, Sir, in brief, 'tis more than the Kings three Dominions can purchaſe.

Tob. Udſhaſh I'd like to have ſpoil'd all, I took him for a Morrice-Dancer.

Sir Arth. To diſplay my meaning more plainly, Sir, this Medal was the Badge of peace 'twixt *Scanderburg* and the *Turks*; this was the Doublet of *Guſtavus Adolphus*; and theſe Breeches, renown'd be the tatter'd Linings, were the Breeches of *Pomphey the Great*; he was call'd *Pomphey the Great*, by reaſon of theſe great Breeches.

Foll. Peace be to the ancient Cobwebs betwixt the ſeams; *Sir Arthur*, your Servant, I muſt go ſeek my Son: Odsbores here's the Lady—I'll ſtay a little longer now, and let the World rub——

Enter Conſtantia.

Sir Arth. How now, where's my Neece?

Conſt. Gone to the Park, Sir, with my Lady *Arbella.*

Sir Arth. Park! What without my permiſſion? Paſſion o' me, I ſhall have her ſtol'n. Huſwife, this is your fault, you are ſtill prating to her of the pleaſure of Intrigues as you call 'em; Well, theſe new damnable Cuſtoms utterly undo the Nation.

Conſt. Sir, I am not her Guardian, tho' you are; nor do I think it a particular of my duty to pry into her actions.

Foll. This certainly the Lady *Hurry* told me of, Odsbores a merry Muſhrum I'le warrant her.

Sir Arth. Well, ſince 'tis ſo, we muſt practiſe patience, and Mr. *Tilbury* it ſhall be my care hereafter to have her ready for your Son's addreſſes--in the mean time, pray Daughter know this Gentleman, whom I have elected for your husband, [Zech. *hides his face, and goes backward.*] And let it be a mark of your duty to uſe him kindly. Come, Sir, along along——a young brisk Fellow, and ſo backward———fie.

Zech. The very ſame Woman I affronted in the *Mall*; what ſhall I do, ſhe'll diſcover me.

Tilb. Why how now ſirrah, what flinch, recreant diſtard---Bodikins thou art a diſgrace to th' Family; th' *Tilburies* have been good Holders-forth for above this 90 Years, and ſhall they now be daſh'd like a Knight at a Bear-beating; for ſhame, to her, to her agen I ſay, by *St. Jago* I'll cudgel thee forward if thou doſt not. [Toby *breaks the Vial.*

Sir Arth. Mercy a'me, what's that?

Tob. No harm, no harm, only a little Vinegar Bottle, an accidental Miſchance, as I hope to be ſav'd *Sir Arthur.*

Sir Arth. How! the Vial! oh Heaven! the Vial! What *St Jerom!* *St Jerom*'s tears! oh Hell! Fate! Death! Deſtiny! I'm undone, loſt, ruin'd for ever--the Vial! *St Jerom*'s tears ſpilt, the Holy Relick ſpoil'd; oh I am miſerable, oh inſupportable loſs. Out of my doors thou Varlet: away; I abominate thee, deteſt thee, and thy whole Race, for this deed; away I ſay, *St Jerom!* *St Jerom!* oh diſmal accident!

Tilb. Good, Sir, have patience, I'le make reſtitution.

Sir Arth. Patience! Reſtitution! 'sbud both the *Indies* cannot do't: Hadſt thou burnt my Houſe, murder'd my Wife and Daughter, ſtol'n my Plate, any thing but this, I cou'd have forgiven, but to diſoblige *St Jerom*, *St Jerom*; O inſufferable! inſufferable! 'tis a capital crime, and not to be forgotten!——— [*Exit.*

Tilb. Sirrah, this is your unlucky hand. Come, we muſt go and comfort him, he'l run mad elſe——— [*Ex.* Tilb. Joliman.

Conſt. So I hope this accident, and my Father's anger, will be a means to keep me from the future impertinences of this Fop. Lord! how you look, Sir. What's the matter?

Zech.

Zech. Nothing, Madam: only a little troubled at my Brothers late miſcarriage, and the diſturbance of the Company.

Conſt. You may repair that inconvenience in the *Mall* to night, Sir--there will be variety.

Zech. A pox on her, ſhe has diſcover'd us! Well, Madam, I gueſs your meaning; and, though my behaviour expreſs'd a little too much the freedom of the age. That I can give my ſelf this ſatisfaction, that I did nothing but what was Courtly, and like a Gentleman.

Conſt. A Gentleman of the firſt rate I grant, Sir; that is an inſignificant Squire, whoſe addreſſes are ſo formal and common, that your *Fleeſtreet* Prentices have better, whoſe head, hands, and body are diverſly imploy'd in faſhioning a bow; and, when he ſpeaks, he might be call'd a walking Bagpipe, being oblig'd to his Noſe for gracing his utterance.

Tob. Nay, if you talk of Noſes, here's a Noſe, and udſhaſh, under the Roſe, another manner of Noſe than yours is, if you go to that.

Conſt. Suitable to the owners perſon, I confeſs; and were my judgment askt in this particular, I ſhou'd gueſs your Noſe and Underſtanding to be much of a length; only there is this difference, your Noſe is more viſible, but both very equivalent to your perſon and behaviour.

Tob. Madam, let me intreat you to be ſo much your own Friend, as not to queſtion my behaviour. The ſhame will be yours, if you do, I aſſure you that——'Sbud, I knew how to behave my ſelf, before you knew how to——(mum, I had like to have ſpoke it——) to diſcern behaviour.

Conſt. Your brisk air, bone Meine, and gentile garb expreſſes it, Sir. You are the exact picture of your Brother there: Nature drew you from its Copy. And Sir, ſhe has furniſht you, as the World may ſee, and you your ſelf doubtleſs imagine, with all graces pertinent to your Sex: but we are ſeated in ſo relentleſs an Air, that I proteſt I am blind to your perfection, and you appear to me a very ordinary perſon, conſidering the advantages you have of impertinence, impudence, and good Clothes. What your Brother may be in my Lady *Fickles* eyes I know not: but if ſhe deſires his Company as little as I yours, we ſhall both ſleep without dreaming.

Zech. Damme, I'l be gone. This eternal fleerer will jear me to a Conſumption--Come *Toby*, let's to the Tavern, and rore to night: I'le warrant thee I'le procure a couple of Females, that ſtall be good Company, and glad of ours——This is the moſt everlaſting Repartee--Ouns, ſhe has given me the Griping of the Guts in ſtudying an Anſwer——Come, come away.

Tob. Will, I am certainly the unlucky'ſt fellow in the World: Why ſhould I not now be as witty as thee?——but only Natures a ſon of a Whore, Deſtiny's a Slut, and Fortune's a Bitch; or elſe men had had predominance in talk, not Women: well, the Devil will have 'em for't one day, that's my comfort. [*Exeunt.*

Conſt.

Conſt. Hard fate of Women, that beſtow your hearts where is no return: and that often hate ſuch as love 'em. If *Manly* knew I lov'd him, I queſtion the ſucceſs, and yet without a hazard nothing is perfected: I wonder I have no anſwer of my Letter. I'm ſure he had it; but I muſt have patience; I expect th' event, as time gives opportunity.

Enter Jollyman.

Joll. Your, ſervant Lady.
Your Father's in an extravagant rage yonder about breaking his Vinegar Bottle, his Relique, as he calls it. Nothing can pacifie him. He ſwears he will fill another with his own tears, and never ſtir abroad till 'tis finiſht.

Conſt. 'Tis, what pleaſes his humour, Sir. I hope he has gain'd ſo much of time to ſatisfie himſelf in every particular, without diſgracing his Quality, or reproaching his years.

Joll. Prettily expreſt, that: Udsbores, Madam, you ſpeak well, pithy, and to the purpoſe. My Son *Harry* has a Love-intrigue with a Lady that lodges in this houſe, and, pardon my preſumption, at firſt I thought you to be the perſon.

Conſt. No, Sir! I am not the perſon; and becauſe I am loath to ſee good nature abus'd, I'le tell you a ſecret. Therefore know, this perſon your Son loves is at this time engag'd to twenty beſides this old Gentlemans Son you ſaw here.

Joll. How! Twenty pretenders!

Conſt. At leaſt, Sir: all which ſhe whealdes for revenge or profit, without the leaſt deſign of Love or Marriage: for, to tell you the truth, Sir, (however ſecretly ſhe carries it) ſhe's marry'd already.

Joll. Why then my Son is wheadled.

Conſt. Very near the brink of a precipice, aſſure your ſelf.

Joll. I'le go inſtantly and diſengage him: This was a lucky diſcovery. My Son gull'd! no, my Caution ſhall ſecure him from the danger, and then let the World rub.

Conſt. Sir, I had not preſum'd to ſo free a Relation, had I not known how nearly it concerns you, who bear an eſtimable Character amongſt the greateſt Grandees. Sir, I beg your pardon, I muſt viſit my Father. [*Ex.* Conſtance.

Joll. Udsbores, a Woman of pretty parts, and methinks of an excellent humour——hah——old *Harry*, not ſo old yet, but ſuch a Nut may be crackt: but more of this hereafter. Now to my Son, I'le get his neck out of the Nooſe, and then follow my own Deſignes as occaſion ſerves. [*Exit.*

Scene 2. *Covent-Garden. Letter.*

Harr. Melancholly is either the dregs of Sickneſs or Love, and may properly be term'd the poiſon of life, and the odium of Society; for a Man

Man of wit that is melancholly, and says nothing, is in my opinion, as unnecessary a Creature, as a man that wants wit, and says every thing.

Man. I have as few pretensions to Melancholly, as to the Wit you speak of; the one disagreeing with my Constitution, and the other surpassing my Capacity. 'Tis true, I am somewhat troubled at the receipt of a Paper here, which is the reason my face is not drest in my wonted air: but I think 'twill hardly induce me to be very melancholly.

Harr. A paper! prithee, what is't, a Challenge?

Man. No, Sir, I have good fortune seldom to look on such Missives as Challenges with a clouded brow. 'Tis a Letter from a stranger that knows my Amours, and takes the confidence upon her to tell me here, My Mistress is the most inconstant of Women.

Harr. I'le lay my life, a malicious design of some Jilt or other, that intends you for her particular use.

Man. The letter discovers some affection in the writer: but my thoughts can never carry me to a belief, it can come from any of my former Mistresses: for I know none of 'em is acquainted with my present Intrigue——here prithee read it.

Harr. reads. *IF your Sex had as great a value for sincere affection, as for inconstancy, you wou'd not be so ignorant of your present condition, nor cherish a Serpent that delights to sting ye; I mean your Mistress, who, to my knowledge, hates ye, as much as another loves you, whom your self-will'd indifference has made miserable.*

I confess this is Mystical: yet carries a greater resemblance of truth then first I imagin'd.

Man. An Oracle, by heaven: and the Devil is so cunning, that with imaginary doubts, it adds an intollerable addition to my misfortunes.

Harr. 'Tis certainly a general plague, pertinent to all Mankind; for I have a Mistress I mistrust too, and were she not extreamly obliging when I am with her, shou'd be more dubious: For I never came to visit her, but some Kinsman or other comes to interrupt us: so that certainly she must have a World of Relations, or else I have this Misfortune, to come just at their hours for business———

Man. My fate to a tittle: by Heaven, just so I am tormented. I am scarce yet within doors——But I am molested with some Uncle or other.

Harr. She calls her self *Cleio*, one of the Muses; and, to pursue that humour, I went to visit her last night, and ingag'd three or four friends to entertain her with a Dance, where we were fain to stay an hour e're we cou'd get admittance.

Man. I hope at last your patience was well rewarded by her kind acceptance of your gallantry?

Harr. Indifferently: She appear'd to be very merry, and expresst a graceful thanks for the diversion I gave her; for, the Truth is, I accosted her in this manner, the more to endear her to approve my passion,

ſion, I having that very morning ſpoke with one, that ignorantly confeſt, his Father brought him to Town upon deſign to Marry her.

Man. That was a lucky diſcovery. I hope you was not idle in your endeavour of ſupplanting him——

Harr. No gad, I did make the beſt on't I cou'd: for I went inſtantly to her, and with the beſt Rhetorick I had, endeavour'd to weed the Fool out of her thoughts. 'Twas fortunes bounty alſo to me, to find her at leiſure, and alone; for had her Guardian Uncle, *Sir Arthur*, been at home, it had been impoſſible to have had any acceſs, to her.

Man. who, Sir! Who? pray that laſt again.

Harr. Sir *Arthur Oldlove*, the Antiquary here in *Bridges-ſtreet*; ſhe is his Niece, a Widow, an approv'd fortune.

Man. Hell and the Devil! The very ſame Woman I have ſo ſigh'd for: but I ſee he's ignorant that I am his Rival, and I'l get all I can out of him, that I may have the more to upbraid her with; Well, Sir, you made a happy concluſion, I doubt not ſhe was kind without ſcruple afterwards, hah——

Harr. By Heav'n, kinder than I expected: ſhe told me, I had the largeſt ſhare in her heart, and ſpoke the ſweeteſt, ſofteſt things, 'twould melt a man to here. I preſented her a pair of Diamond Pendants, which ſhe unwillingly receiv'd; and, as a Crown of my courtſhip, told me at parting, ſhe had juſt before thruſt away an impertinent Suitor, that came to make addreſſes, purpoſely to make room for me.

Man. Very well. Dam her, ſhe entertains a Legion: I'l viſit her inſtantly, and with the extreameſt Sentiments of rage and jealouſie, ſhow'r my afflicted thoughts into her perfidious breaſt.

Harr. What ſay'ſt thou, was it not pleaſant? what a pox, not a word? Methinks thou doſt not reliſh my diſcourſe.

Man. As well as a Rival can, Sir: One that has the fate to follow the wheel of your Chariot, whilſt you triumph in Loves Empire: Hark ye, for your further ſatisfaction, this Woman you ſpeak of is my Miſtriſs too, the very ſame perſon intimated in this Letter: one that I have Courted this ſix Months, and was in hopes within a week more to have Marry'd.

Harr. How, Sir, Marry'd to my Miſtreſs?

Man. Ay, Sir, to our general Miſtreſs; for, as far as reaſon imbelliſhes my judgment, I am apt to believe you, and I come but in the Reer of twenty more.

Harr. Now the plots unravell'd: I begin to have a knowledge of the viſitant Kinſman that us'd to moleſt us.

Man. One of which I'm of opinion often uſurp'd your ſhape: all will out at laſt, Sir. And, I'm reſolv'd I'le not reſt till I'm reſolv'd, that I may be in a capacity of revenging my ſelf in the Blood of him that dares uſurp my right in her affection. [*Ex.* Manly.

Harr. Fortune was a damn'd Jilt to make me diſcover my intrigue, nay to my Rival, the only man I ſhould conceal it from. Well, I

muſt

muſt not ſleep in this buſineſs: if ſhe be falſe, my loſs is the leſs, but, if conſtant,

My Sword my Rival's claims muſt ſtrait remove,
Bravely he dies that Victim falls to Love. [*Exit.*

Enter L. Fickle, Arbella, *and* Friendlove *diſguis'd.*

Arb. So much Beauty, and ſo many attractive Graces, I know cannot want adorers: but, too many Lovers, Madam, in my opinion, is like too much Money; the abundance of enjoying, takes away the pleaſure of poſſeſſion.

L. *Fick.* What you call much Beauty in Me, is ſo little, that this complement you make me, argues, Madam, a defect in your judgment: and as to my ſervants, which you call my adorers, they are ſo few, and thoſe ſo meanly fetter'd, that I am beholden to fortune more than Beauty, for the Credit I have got in the World.

Arb. Fy, fy; I ſwear you wrong your ſelf: your perfections are the general diſcourſe of the Town.

Fick. The impertinence of Fops and Citizens——a man of wit can find a better ſubject.

Arb. I hope you think my Lord *Bellamore* a Wit; and, to my knowledge, you are the only Saint he adores: a pretty man, by Heav'n, tall, ſtrait, and well proportion'd, only a little vain, and intollerable Talker, that's his worſt fault.

Fick. Now is this, to my knowledge, a Lye of her own invention, The monſtrous effects of envy and jealouſie—— [*Aſide.*

Arb. The happineſs I wiſh you, you may gueſs in the contentment I ſhall receive in ſeeing you ſo well marry'd.

Fick. If conſtancy and immaculate affection may merit happineſs, I doubt not but to have as large a portion as another: but want of deſert makes me ſuſpect th'event, although I know he loves me——This ſearches her—— [*Aſide.*

Arb. Inſufferable! confeſſion! Oh I cou'd kill her. [*Aſide.*

Fick. Happy chance! ſee yonder he comes.

Arb. I'le take my leave.

Fick. Oh fy! By no means, Madam, pray ſtay a little longer.

Arb. I will not for the World. Some other time I'le give you a reaſon. Till when, your humble Servant.

Enter Bellamore, *as ſhe goes out, meets her.*

Bell. Madam! the Park's unhappy, ſo ſoon to loſe the pleaſure of your company. *Arb.* Your ear my Lord—— [*Whiſpers.*

Fick. There is certainly ſome plot contriving, her wheadling me and whiſpering with him, ſufficiently declares it: and, by Heaven, I'le ſearch into the depth of Magick, but I'le find it out; I am already ſufficiently prepared with arguments: and, the more difficulty lies in the matter, the better 'tis often performed: hard ſhifts, and dangerous plots ſuit Womens wits better than dull adventures; and whilſt in tedious ſearch dull men run on, arm'd by one minutes thought, the thing is done.

Bell. To morrow, Madam, I will not fail—— [*Ex.* Arb. Now if you had ſo much Divinity in you, as would amount to a ſcruple of Conſcience, you'd be in a continual fear of future ill, for drawing me from the innocent Converſation of this Lady.

Fick. The innocent Converſation!

Bell. Ay, Madam. She's a Soul ſaving Creature, a female Moraliſt, her diſcourſe is a continual Sermon, and has the ſame influence that an Ague has upon me, I do ſo tremble.

Fick. I imagined it a kind of quaking Zeal, never durable an hour.

Bell. *Jack Manly*, thine, Dear Rogue!

Enter Manly.

Man. What Melancholly! qualmiſh! The ſting of a debauch laſt night I warrant.

Fick. By Heav'n, my t'other Suitor. 'Twas happy I brought my Maſque——This will diſguiſe me—— [*Puts on her Maſque.*

Man. In one Senſe you are right; for, Loves great influence conſider'd nearly, is but a debauch, and we our ſelves the Paraſites that ſooth it.

Bell. 'Tis ſo: and therefore why ſhou'd men of honour, that practice the diſtinction, and know better, reſent its treachery: Prithee, what is it, *Jack*?

Man. A thing of nothing, and yet every thing that cou'd torment me! Oh that dull appetite ſhou'd make a Monarch of the ſlave of Nature, to tyrannize over that noble Soul that gave it firſt its being.

Bell. Dangerous reſentments, by Heav'n, *Jack*; but prithee diſcover, come, be genuine.

Man. I receiv'd a Letter this Morning from a ſtranger, skill'd it ſeems in my Amour, full of invectives againſt my *Celia*; eſpecially of her inconſtancy. This I confeſs troubled me, for the reaſons urg'd; it had ſome appearance of Truth: And afterward conferring with young *Folliman*, whoſe misfortune ſeem'd to ſuit with mine, he made ſo ample a diſcovery, that I found we were Rivals, and that this falſe one carreſt him more than me: and, in all probability, entertains ſeveral others. This put me into ſo extravagant a rage, that had not my curioſity of knowing the truth, ty'd my hand, my Sword had pleaded my intereſt; I am going now to her Lodging to be reſolv'd——

Fick. If he had ſeen me now, here had been fine work! How near are my plots to diſcovery? [*Aſide.*

Bell. Gad 'tis a buſineſs of importance.

Man. So much, that by Heaven I am reſolved to ſearch it through. [*Exit.*

Fick. O! now will I inſtantly home, and perſwade him, that all is falſe, and only the motions of envy. Come, my Lord, ſhall we go—— *Dorel*, bid the Coachman come round to St. *James*'s Gate.

Bell. What is that Fellow? I never ſaw him before.

Fick. Sir *Arthur* entertain'd him in his ſervice to day, to look to his accompt. *Bell.* And bruſh his antiquities——ha, ha, ha.

Fick.

Fick. Never was man so besotted: he dares not sleep o'nights for fear of Thieves.

Bell. Dam him and his old Imaginations: Let us mind our own business: Come, let's to the Mulberry Garden; I ha' not treated you this week: Methinks we live already as we were Marry'd, not a word of Love in a whole Scene of Discourse.

Fick. 'Tis better i'th' Heart than in the Tongue; besides, from a Man of Quality, Love has so strange a sound: no, in my opinion, the Eyes are the best Orators, and now and then the Serious Look, with a short sigh for a Prologue. *Bell.* Thus! ha!

Fick. and sometimes the exalting the hand to the lip, with a short Kiss and away. *Bell.* Thus. [*Kisses her.*

Enter Manly.

Man. Now I consider better, I shall have occasion to be punctual to an hour: My Lord, prithee lend me your Watch: hah——blood and death! What do I see?

Fick. Return'd agen! this was a curs'd trick of Fate.

Man. Ungrateful Traitress! now I plainly see (all I have heard is true.) Perfideous *Celia*: more false than Crocodils, that mourn the slain, and yet delight to kill 'em: Do you not blush? Are you so arm'd with impudence, this object cannot startle ye? this beguil'd object, that bath'd his passion in warm Tears of Blood, and laid it at your feet, deceitful *Celia.*

Bell. Celia! What a mistake is this, by Heaven my Friend's mad.

Fick. Now wit assist me, or I'm lost. Mad——Why d'ee not see't? Look, look how his Eyes roll; how pale his lips are; see how his Perriwig stares with his wild passion; his hands and body tremble. Oh this *Celia*'s a cruel wretch.

Man. Ah, perfection of ill: Wou'd you convert your infamy? Disguise your falshood in my shroud of madness? No, no; it shall not do. Madam, all shall out, assure your self it shall:

Fick. So handsome, so well comps'd a man: Oh Heavens, what pity 'tis: run, my Lord, run to the Gate, and call your Footmen to fetch a Doctor; two hours in such a fit will kill him.

Man. Stay, my Lord, and hear me—I'll discover all——This Lady——

Fick. Ah, delay not a minute, as you love his life! [*Shreeks out.* My Lord——away, away.

Bell. Poor *Manly*, thou shalt not die for want of so small a Courtesie. [*Exit.*

Man. Well, Madam, what's your design in this? what new plot is contriving?

Fick. Oh Heaven! Am I thus requited? Sir, I never expected such an action from you: Was there no way to augment my misery but this? [*Weeps.*

Man. Your misery! Ha, ha, ha. Your misery! ——

Fick. You know well enough, that this is the person my Uncle designs

to Marry me, and that 'tis impoſſible for me ever to ſee you, if he knows you are his Rival.

Man. Hah, this may be true; for he has formerly told me ſomething of an Intrigue like this: Well, ſuppoſe this true, Madam, I am ſure Mr. *Folliman* is a perſon not intereſted in your Uncles favour, though in yours.

Fick. In mine! That an impertinent Serenador, only accepted for the Company's ſake he brought with him, ſhou'd have the impudence to talk thus.

Man. He proteſted it to me a truth, and ſwore your extravagant favour exceeded his hopes.

Fick. And you believ'd it: Well, I'le take care with whom I truſt my heart agen—— [*Weeps.*

Man. Ugh, I can hardly believe this; yet ſure theſe tears are real, it muſt be ſo—Come, I do believe thee, forgive me *Celia*; and conſider how inſupportable is Jealouſie lodg'd in a Lovers breaſt.

Fick. If I had not hit of this plot, what ſhou'd we have done then? I warrant you won't believe I love you yet.

Man. By this I do, thou haſt confirm'd it in me.

Fick. He'l come back immediately, and I wou'd not have him ſee you for the World, therefore be gone, I'll expect you this Evening at my Uncles.

Man. I will not fail you, Sweet, I am glad it happens thus. [*Exit.*

Fick. Ha, ha, ha!

Thus with the ſnowy Veil of Innocence,
Contriving Women cover their pretence;
When Women weep, look Gallants, for ſurprize,
For all deceit lies drench'd in wat'ry eyes.

Enter Bellamore *and* Footman.

Bell. There's a Coach ready at the Park Gate. How now, where is he?

Fick. Ah! gone, gone, all my intreaties could not ſtay him, frighted, I believe, at my naming a Doctor; I ſaw him croſs the *Mall*, but in ſuch a ſtrange poſture, that caus'd both pity and admiration in all that beheld him.

Bell. Poor *Jack*, I ſee the fits of Madneſs are as ſudden, as thoſe of Love, and commonly work the ſame effects. Fate keep me from the tryal of it; for Exceſs in any thing is a perfect torment, eſpecially this Modiſh Paſſion we Men ſo hunt after, and which is ſo generally admir'd, though conducing to Madneſs———

He that of Loves ripe Joys takes over-meaſure,
Abates his Bliſs, and loſes half the pleaſure. [*Exit.*

The End of the Third Act

ACT.

ACT. IV. SCENE I.

Enter Sir Arthur, Tilbury, Jolliman, *and* Friendlove, *al.* Dorel.

Sir Arth. URge me no more, Sir, you have my answer, my final and my punctual answer, I will proceed no further in this business; nor shall my Neece join issue with a man so wild, and so unfortunate. *St Jerom*'s tears spilt, my treasure, my chiefest treasure lost, a blessing which this forty Years we cherish'd, snatcht from me in an instant! oh unparallell'd misfortune! I say, let him forbear my house.

Tilb. Well, of a Knight, and a Justice of Peace, this is the simplest man of Worship I ever saw; good Sir, let it not so nearly concern you, you shall have restitution, by *St Jago* I'll sell half my Estate, but I'll make you amends; What a Pox, d'ee think I'll be ungrateful?

Sir Arth. Half your Estate! a pretty Proportion; 'sbud, Sir, the Grand Signior's Revenue would not purchase a drop on't.

Joll. A very costly Liquor, by *Mahomet*; I think that *Turkish* Oath sounds well——hah——

Sir Arth. Old Oaths are not to be despis'd, Sir; therefore by *Melchizedech*, which, I conceive, was well thought on, my resolution's fixt, your Son shall be a stranger to my house, my Daughter is not for him, tell him so; 'zlid shou'd he come here, within a Week I should have my ancient Medals of the *Romans* plaid off at Gaming-houses.

Tilb. Sir, upon my Reputation, he knows not what belongs to a Gaming-house; alas, Sir! You are ignorant of his Principles, he's Countrey-bred, Sir——Countrey Learning, Country Manners, and Country Wit; 'sbodikins, he knows nothing of the Town.

Sir Arth. But he may know every thing in time, Sir; and I'll harbour no person within my doors, whose future knowledge is more dangerous than his present.

Joll. Udsbores, a necessary Maxim.

Sir Arth. Trouble your self no more, Sir, my Will is my Law; and tho' I am a Justice of the Peace and *Quorum*, I think my proceedings in this both necessary and judicial——My Niece is an Heiress, and there is great care requir'd in her bestowing; nor shall my Daughter match into a Family, when I give such evident proofs of my dislike. Mr *Tilbury*, you, as being my old acquaintance, shall be welcome to my house; but give me leave to tell you, my eyes are open'd to your Sons folly; you understand me, I do not like their tricks, Sir.

Tilb. Tricks, Sir!——I find 'tis you have your tricks, Sir——But by *St. Jago* I'le go Fee my Lawyer immediately, force shall compel what good words cannot perswade; and I've a Bag of old *Harry-Groats* have lay'n by me these twenty Years, which I'll scatter amongst the Gownmen, rather than be thus abus'd. [*Ex.* Tilb.

Sir Arth. Old *Harry-Groats*! What pity 'tis so meritorious an Antiquity should be so ill imploy'd——is he gone? *Dorr.*

Dorr. Yes, Sir——just turn'd the corner of the ſtreet, in ſo haſty and diſcompos'd a manner, that it argues him plotting ſome buſineſs of importance.

Sir Arth. Wou'd he were here agen. Now wou'd I rather his Son ſhould have my Daughter, than that he ſhould waſte any of that precious money.

Foll. Let it go, let it go, there's enough to be had in *Lumber-ſtreet*: But *Sir Arthur*, to my preſent affair; ſince you have been ſo generous to deny him your Daughter, I hope my addreſs may be ſucceſsful.

Sir Arth. Troth, Sir, Hope is very neceſſary in this affair; and if you can but hope my Daughter will like your Perſon and Years, as well as I like your Eſtate, your Hope will have as ample a Field to range in, as any mans I know.

Foll. My Perſon and Years——Why, Sir, 'tis impoſſible ſhe ſhou'd diſlike it; whatever my Years are, I aſſure you my Imagination is but One-and-twenty.

Sir Arth. But, Sir, in the ſpace of a week, the ſtrength of your Imagination will be worn away, and your Perſon will be left to the deliberate age of Eight-and-fifty, a month or two over.

Foll. No, 'tis three months under, by my faith, *Sir Arthur*, and what then? with me 'tis an age of 21; Look in my face, Sir, obſerve how the blood mounts; here, here's your Complection, without art, *fucus*, or any thing——Then, Sir, peruſe my perſon——Hah——I think I am well ſet——Hem——And as ſound as another man——Beſides, I can talk well, walk well, and make water well——which, udsbores, is as provoking a quality as any man is Maſter of.

Sir Arth. Sir, in a young man I confeſs theſe are additions; but a man that has the misfortune to decline into the Vale of Years, were he really Maſter of all this, wou'd not get credit with the world, he would not be believed.

Foll. Not believ'd! Sir, my Actions ſhall give continual demonſtration, I am not in the Catalogue of your infirm Perſons; my Back, Sir, is ſtrong, my Body active; nor has my infirmity been ſo much my Foe, to abate any part of my vigour: But I can Run, Wreſtle, Fight, or Play a Game at Tennis with any Spark i'th' City, and let the World rub. To confirm you, you ſhall ſee me do't—(Not believ'd!) Udsbores you ſhall ſee me Ride the Great Horſe, or jump over a Stick for the King of *England*.

Sir Arth. Well, Sir, I will conſider on't——In the mean time addreſs your ſelf to my Daughter; come, you ſhall ſup with me: *Dorrel*, if any one ask for me——I am not at leiſure——be careful, and let no eye be Spectator of my Rarities without my knowledge, come, Sir—[*Ex.*

Dorrel *manet.*

Dorrel. The uncertain Dice of Fate thus far run well, and my deſigns are proſperous——My diſguiſe, ſhroud to my troubled mind as well as perſon, ſecures me yet from knowledge; and my eye attains the liberty

berty to gaze at all her actions, and yet pass undiscover'd——Oh curs'd Jealousie, how crooked are thy paths!

Enter Bellamore *and* Arbella.

Bell. Unconstant, and to me! by Heaven 'tis so strange a Notion, that methinks 'tis incredible.

Arb. And why incredible? Lord how you Men are deceiv'd in your opinion! You term your selves Princes and Lords of Nature, imagining the easie tempers of Women, slaves to your nobler quality: and yet for all your pretences, to my knowledge some of you are often mistaken.

Bell. Well, if she be false——

Arb. What then?

Bell. Why then she's damn'd, that's one Comfort however; but, Madam, this extraordinary favour in you, obliges me in gratitude to a return. Shall I wait on you to your Lodging? by Heav'n I hate ingratitude. Come, Madam, what satisfaction?

Arb. Such a question to a mercenary Spirit, might perhaps be accepted under the Notion of gratitude, but you having a perfect knowledge of my quality, and obliging temper, give me leave to tell you, my Lord, 'twas very unbecoming, especially from the mouth of a Man of Honour.

Bell. I gad I mean it cordially, and if my service——

Arb. Hold, Sir, y'are observ'd, yonder's Sir *Arthur's* Man, from him you may doubtless learn the truth of all, my presence will be unnecessary, therefore I'll withdraw——So, I hope this will wean him—— [*Ex.*

Dorr. This is one of her Suitors, now for a new discovery, and I'm resolv'd to be prepared for him——Your Lordships humble Servant——

Bell. Dorrel, Come hither, I've some business with thee.

Dorr. 'Tis too much Honour, my Lord.

Bell. I long have lookt on thee as on a Man above the Common Pile of Menial Servants; and since I know thee such, I dare request a secret from thy tongue, to me of great importance; Come, I'll bind thee to me in golden Fetters; shall I trust to thee—— [*Gives a Purse.*

Dorr. I am your Lordships Creature, and if my ability extend to serve your Lordship, I am proud on't.
Sure he has not discover'd me. [*Aside.*

Bell. I'll try thee instantly. The truth is, *Dorrel*, I am grown jealous of my Mistress, several Reports declare she is inconstant; and tho' I do not positively believe 'em, yet Gad I must confess they trouble me; now I know thou hast a Catalogue of all her Suitors, and know'st all her Intrigues, prithee disclose 'em, am I the Man or no, or has she others?

Dorr. This is so dangerous a point, my Lord, I know not how to answer.

Bell. Fear nothing, but speak to th' purpose; I'll be so much thy Friend, thou shalt not need to fear the Frowns of any.

Dorr. My Lord, there is one Mr. *Manly* comes hither often.

Bell. So, who else?

Dorr.

Dorr. And one Mr. *Folliman*; I heard her ſwear one night ſhe'd marry him.

Bell. Very good, prithee proceed——oh perfidious Traytreſs! [*Aſide.*

Dorr. Now has he a freeting Fever on him. Several others there are, my Lord, that viſit her as pretenders; but with what ſucceſs I know not: one of 'em I heard her appoint to viſit her to night; and becauſe you Lordſhip ſhall ſee how willing I am to ſerve a Perſon of ſo much worth——Follow me, and I'll place you, where you ſhall, unſeen, hear all their Courtſhip.

Bell. Do that, I am thine for ever.

Dorr. More then that owes Tribute to your bounty; Come my Lord—— [*Exit.*

Enter Manly *and* Conſtantia.

Man. Can this be real, Madam?

Conſt. True as Heav'n;
I ſwear ſhe is the falſeſt of her Sex,
Deſigning Love upon fallacious terms,
Without a ſpark of Paſſion or Deſire
To poſſeſs him that Courts her——

Man. Perjur'd Creature,
Oh Heav'n, that Providence gave Man a heart
To loſe in ſuch Abyſs of Treachery!
But, Madam, is there no occular proof to be given of this?

Conſt. There is, Sir; and to that purpoſe I brought you hither; My Chamber joyns to hers, whence from a private Cloſet door you may hear all; one of her Suitors is now with her, and by their diſcourſe you may ſoon gueſs the truth of her treachery; for doubtleſs 'twill be amorous enough, and very ſutable to ſuch an adventure.

Man. O Dam her! Dam her! Is this her Conſtancy! Madam, the Debt of Gratitude I owe you for this diſcovery, is ſo far above my preſent ability——

Conſt. Good, Sir, no more of that——but follow me——

Man. All her feign'd Careſſes come to this! a Curſe upon the Sex—— Madam, I wait your leiſure. [*Ex. Ambo.*

Scene diſcovers L. Fickle *in a morning Gown, and* Harry *ſitting.*

L. Fick. And cou'd you credit ſo ridiculous an Aſſeveration, knowing how tender my Careſſes have been to ye? I thought my actions might have given you ſufficient demonſtration of my conſtancy.

Harr. By Heav'n I never doubted it, I confeſs I was a little ſurpriz'd to hear him ſay he was at the expence of ſix months Courtſhip, and within a week more it was to terminate in Marriage. But now you have told me his intrigue with Madam *Conſtantia*, I am very ſenſible of the miſtake——

L. Fick. Had I not told you, I'le lay my Life you wou'd ha' been jealous.

Harr. No, no, Faith I ſhou'd not——jealous!——I know I have no cauſe,

cauſe, thou art the Heav'n of truth, and in thy breaſt *Aſtrea* reigns and triumps. Suſpect thy Faith! what Fiend cou'd be ſo envious? I'le prove thy Conſtancy as firm as Fate, and againſt all defend it.

L. Fick. So, I think I have carry'd matters rarely. [*Aſide.*

Harr. But, Madam, pardon me, if I preſume to ask you why our interview is to be thus i'th' dark?

L. Fick. 'Tis becauſe Sir *Arthur* coming often into the next Room, ſeeing a Light here, will be very apt to come and diſturb us.

Harr. 'Sdeath——I've ignorantly left my Sword and Gloves upon the Table there, which ſhou'd he come in, would infallibly diſcover my being here——I'll go fetch 'em immediately.—— [*Ex.* Har.

Enter Nurſe (*with a Light*) *in a Morning Gown.*

L. Fick. How now. what's the matter?

Nur. Oh ſweet, Madam——ugh——I am ſo out of breath, there's the baſeſt plot contriving——

L. Fick. A Plot! Prithee what Plot?

Nur. Where's the Gentleman? get him into another Room, or you'll both be diſcover'd immediately.

L. Fick. How prithee? by what means?

Nur. Madam, *Conſtantia* has watch'd you all this night, with an intent to betray you; I ſaw her bring Mr. *Manly* into her Chamber, I'm confident with deſign to place him where he may hear the diſcourſe 'twixt you and the Gentleman.

L. Fick. Manly brought hither by *Conſtantia*! her envy now is apparent——What ſhall I do, *Nurſe*?

Nur. Alas! I know not—Fire the Houſe, I think, and ſay you call'd him in for help.

L. Fick. No, ſo dangerous a Remedy muſt not be try'd——Hum——I have it——Sit you down, and perſonate me, our Gowns are alike——and in the dark there can be no difference in Faces——He's in the next Room, looking for his Sword, when he comes, feign my voyce, and Careſs him like a Lover; in the mean time I'll go, and with a Counterplot deceive both *Manly* and *Conſtantia*.

Proſper deſigns, and by this Act I'll try
Which is the *Witty'ſt False One*, She or I—— *Exit with the light.*

Nurſe ſits in the Chair.

Nur. Well, I've known the time when I've employ'd my ſelf in ſuch an Adventure with a better Will——But however I'll warrant I'le fit him with a Repartee——I am not ſo old, but I can Repartee as well as another, if occaſion ſerve.

Enter Harry *with a Sword.*

Harr. 'Tis ſo dark, that igad I could hardly find the Table. Where art thou my Dear?

Nur. Here my Dear.

Harr. I have bin often thinking on the products of time and have

often wonder'd how they employ'd themſelves before the Deluge——— When Love was like the ſtorming of a Caſtle, attain'd by violence, not as now, with fair words, addreſs, and inſinuation; Men were not then ſuch Fools to kiſs a Glove——fall on their knees and ſigh——— igad they were wiſer in thoſe days——— [*Kiſſes and embraces her.*

Nur. Fie, fie, I proteſt you are not civil———D'ee know who I am———

Enter Manly (*peeping*) *and* Conſtantia.

Conſt. D'ee hear 'em, Sir——They're yonder in th' Alcove.

Man. I do, Madam, and am ſufficiently confirm'd in her treachery; but huſh———let's obſerve.

Conſt. Sir, I'le go and get a Coach to the Garden-gate, that you may get away undiſcover'd———I think———
This was well plotted——— [*Ex. Conſtan.*

Nur. I proteſt methinks your carriage is too Licentious, and in my opinion you treat me ill———Your Love ſhou'd ſtill be cloathed with a reſpect due to my Youth and Beauty———But I vow you're ſo wanton———

Man. Very well——ſhe'll deny this anon——— [*Aſide.*

Harr. Can any ill arrive from ſo much Love? I ſwear there cannot, Madam; your Charms are ingraven in my heart, and in my ſoul your Virtues——I die when you are abſent, and 'tis your influence that raiſes me from death to new-born life, and makes me currant from the droſs of Nature.

Nur. Give me no cauſe to doubt what you have ſaid, I then ſhall be contented; but I proteſt you Men are ſo ſubject to flatter, and we poor tender young Creatures are ſo apt to believe, that it often proves very prejudicial———

Man. Shē doubts his Love—oh death—I ſhall want patience——

Harr. To flatter thee—by Heav'n 'tis a thing ſo far from me, I hardly know its meaning: Let Paraſites, ſuch as get Breed by fawning, flatter their Patrons: Let the empty Fop, that's ſenſible of ſome defect in Nature, and ſees the little beauty in his Miſtriſs, flatter her to exalt it; but in me it wou'd appear a Crime unpardonable, your Luſture wants no foils; but like a Diamond in his Native Rock, you ſhine without the aid of Art or Flattery.

Nur. Now by my quondam Maidenhead this is very pretty; well, Sir, you ſhall find my heart [*Coughs.*

Man. And Lungs, pray Heaven—wou'd ſhe might Cough 'em out—— ſhe has caught cold with ſitting up ſo late.
Oh damn'd Incendiary. [*Aſide.*

Harr. Could I live out *Methuſalah*'s long Age, or numbred Years with the old Patriarchs, and every day ſtudy new theams of Virtue, I could not merit half ſo great a bleſſing; brighteſt of Women, freſher than the dew that early ſits on Roſes———oh I'm rapt with my own happineſs!

Nur.

Nur. Well, as I'm Virtuous this is fine——I see I shall not be able to hold out long——I shall grow bold with him——I hope, Sir, my Love deserves this from you, you have entire possession of my heart——and tho' I have broke my faith with all my other Suitors, I've kept it firm for you.

Enter L. Fickle *behind him.*

L. Fick. Sir, Sir! [*Pulls him.*

Man. Limb of the Devil——I hear her, Madam, I hear her.

L. Fick. You should not hear 'em, Sir, pray come back, they are Lovers——

Man. Lovers, Dam 'em——Have a little patience, I'll wait on you immediately.

L. Fick. I swear you're uncivil, Sir, thus to disturb e'm—— for Heaven's sake come away—— [*He turns back, sees her, and starts.*

Man. Wonder of wonders——is their two *Celia*'s——or am I in a Dream?

Nurse. Yonder's a light——Let's step in here——I fear, Sir *Arthur*'s coming—— [*Ex.* Harry *and* Nurse.

L. Fick. What ailes you, Sir? For Heav'ns sake why d'ee start so! D'ee not know me!

Man. By Heav'n I know you not: Are you *Celia?*

L. Fick. What strange questions are these? You know I am.

Man. And, is that yonder *Celia* too?

L. Fick. Heav'n! What a humour's this? That *Celia*? No: 'tis a Lady that lodges here, one that Mr. *Jollyman* Courts.

Man. Young *Jollyman*!

L. Fick. *Jollyman*? yes——What d'ee wonder at? If this humour hold, you need not counterfeit a Madness.

Man. By Heav'n you are right——I am mad, stupid, insensibly mad, and have bin so these three hours——'Sdeath, was ever any thing so strange as this? Sure I've been enchanted; pray Madam, give me leave to question yee, where have you bin all this night?

L. Fick. In my Chamber——Sir——expecting you.

Man. Who told you I was here?

L. Fick. *Constantia*; I met her coming up stairs; and seeing me, she brake into a violent laughter; and asking her the reason, she told me, she had put a pleasant trick upon you; and then fell a Laughing till she shook agen.

Man. I'gad I have bin trickt, that's the truth on't——Oh the Devil! am I thus abus'd?

L. Fick. This from a Woman that lov'd yee, is very strange—— who did you expect to find?

Man. You——she told me you was in that *Alcove*, and plac'd me to hear you——where I have stood this half hour in the most insufferable Torture! the Agony of jealousie and despair, that 'tis impossible to express it.

L. Eick. Me! Did you expect me there; and after all my actions to declare my unspotted constancy, are you still jealous? Ingrateful man!---was ever Woman so unhappy? will nothing [*Weeps.*
make you credit me? I swear I am the most unfortunate of Women. How has my Soul and Heart bin fetter'd to you? How have I dream'd of you, and thought a look to any other man was an offence to Love? slighted the Oaths of Gallants——shunn'd their presence; despis'd their Persons, and refus'd their gifts, all——all for you! And do you still suspect me?——Would I could be unconstant! Wou'd I had; the power to be so, that I might revenge my self——Oh misery! still suspected! [*Weeps.*

Man. If she be false, there's no such thing as truth: I'le credit it no more——Madam, I see my error, and thus low sue for pardon——Tis my last tryal: And I will henceforth more adore thy vertues than e're I did suspect 'em; Thou art the Soul of Truth, so excellently good, Nature is proud of her great work; nor will I ever be betray'd agen into the gulf of jealousie, but live blest in thy love, the Prince of all content, and dye old in thy Arms.

Fick. You will relapse agen.

Man. Never by Heav'n——by this kiss I'll never——

Enter Constantia.

Const. Come, Sir, the Coach—— [*Sees* Fick. *and starts.*

Man. May return agen, if it please, Madam——your Servant, you see your plot han't took—— [*Ex.* Man *and* Fick.

Const. This Devil has outwitted me——nay, in this plot, which I thought so securely laid, it was impossible to break it: Her cunning is so prosperous, that I believe Hell designs her for the only person to wheadle Souls with:

——I'll try once more,
And if my next plot hit not right, give o're. [*Ex.* Const.

Enter Harry *and* Nurse——Bellamore *after.*

Bell. Here they are. I have from yonder door, now too late, resented her treachery——Dam her! Was mine a heart to play with? Were there not Fools enow to feed with hope, but she must flye me——but I'll revenge my self immediately——

Harr. Here's some body coming, towards, let's retire, my Dear.

Bell. Sir! I have a Message first—— [*Strikes him.*

Harr. Such Messages are thus to be return'd [*Draws and fights.*

Nurse. Ah help, help! Murder, murder——help, help——

Enter L. Fickle *with a Candle.*

L Fick. What's the matter Nurse? Oh Heav'ns, my Lord *Bellamore*, and Mr. *Jollyman*! How came you hither at this time of night?

Bell. 'Sdeath! What a mistake is this——Have I fought for this Pippin? [*Looking amazedly at* Nurse.

Harr. Zounds! Have I bestow'd all my Caresses and Courtship to night upon this Beldam?

Nurse.

Nurse. Well, Sir; I shall find a time to requite your favours for all your jesting. [*Ex.* Nurse.

Bell. Gad I thought it had been you, Madam——

Harr. And so did I, by Heav'n. I durst have sworn 'twas her voice.

Bell. Your thoughts were ill imploy'd, Sir, in a thing that so little concerns you: I hope you have no pretences here.

Harr. How. Sir, no pretences! Has any man?——

Fick. 'Buz: 'Sdeath are you mad! why this [*Stops his mouth.*
is the Person my Uncle designs me to marry—— [*To* Harry.

Bell. Nor is this boldness pleasing, Sir.

L. *Fick.* My Lord, for Heav'ns sake, what d'ee mean? Will you ruine all—This is the very Gentleman my Uncle designs for my Husband——and if he knows you are his Rival——I'm undone.

Enter Manley.

Man. Come, Madam, Whither do you run? by Heav'n I'm so melancholy——without you——ha', my Lord *Bellamore* and *Jollyman!* 'Sdeath! what new intrigue's this?

L. *Fick.* O Fate! Is he come too? What a spiteful minute is this? [*Aside.*
Why, Sir! What d'ee mean? D'ee not see my Lord there, unknown
To be, he supt with Sir *Arthur* to night, and has chosen this
Minute to accost me—Stare, stare! counterfeit your self
Mad, or we are lost: Then leave the rest to me.
Pray, Sir, to bed, [*Aloud this.*
To bed. Fye, What mean you by this unreasonable rambling? Sir *Arthur* will be very angry if he knows it. Stare! stare!

Bell. *Jack Manley* here at this time of night——Hark'ee, Madam, What makes him here?

L. *Fick.* Sir *Arthur* seeing him in his mad fit, brought him hither to night, with intent to administer a Potion, which he had made for Lunatick persons; and it seems, they left his Chamber door open, and he is got out. Look! look how he stares!

Harr. Gad, 'tis a miracle to me to see him thus——I have often heard him say, Love is the Parent of Dulness, and Wine of Madness. Madam, How came his Misfortune?

L. *Fick.* Love, Sir, Love. Passion for one *Celia*, a Lady i'th' Town here, an obdurate, inconstant person I have heard——and it seems she has wheadled him into this condition.

Man. She shall be drest in Flames! Pendants of Ice shall hang at either ear, and cool her as she burns——whiz——buz——shugh Bough——she's gone, ha, ha, ha—Ah *Celia!* How sweet were thy amours? Dam her! she eats Onyons——and her Blue Veins are all but colour'd Lutestrings,, in which she hangs her Cupids, Sir—Sir, I would have your Nose par'd less—adieu, adieu, pop—Let me hear no more on't— [*Ex.* Man.

Bell. Had I not seen this, I should have thought it credible; a man of the Town, and run mad for Love——by heaven 'tis above the common rate

of

of wonders, and doubtleſs portends ſome viſible Calamity that threatens the Nation———

Harr. Madam, a word with you.

L. *Fick.* No whiſpering, Sir; 'twill cauſe him to ſuſpect us—you know my promiſe—viſit me to morrow morning, and then by an anexpected choice, I ſhall declare the man I think moſt worthy of my Love.

Harr. Enough, I will not fail. I gueſs the night far ſpent, and in ſtaying longer I may obſtruct your reſt: I'll take my leave, Madam, your faithful Servant—My Lord, your Lordſhips devoted. He little thinks what policy's in this——*Aſide.* [*Ex.* Harry.

L. *Fick.* Now, Am not I extreamly kind, thus to ſend him away, that I may have the freer diſcourſe with you? I hope you will ſay this is very obliging.

Bell. I confeſs it weighs ſomewhat more than a common favour; but, Madam, I am not yet ſatisfied in his proceedings; his coming hither ſo late muſt be upon ſome deſign: and, how that old Woman ſhou'd interpoſe, is to me a Miſtery———

L. *Fick.* Oh dull, dull man! why d'ee not ſee 'twas my plot? I order'd the light to be taken away, and laid her a Bait for him, purpoſely to keep my ſelf free from his troubleſome Impertinences——

Bell. Was that it?—by Heav'n 'twas a witty one———

L. *Fick.* Was that it?—what elſe cou'd it be—I wonder what recompence I ſhall have for this care, in preſerving my Love intire, I ſwear, my Lord, you'll be ungrateful.

Bell. No: by Heaven I'll heap together as much Love, and ſtrong Imagination, as wou'd ſerve forty men, but I'll be out of thy debt—prithee do not cenſure till the trial is made: I'gad I'm ſure I never fail'd yet—But, when ſhall be the day?

L. *Fick.* To morrow, Sir, a ſudden thought has ſo ordained it. Viſit me in the morning, where I ſuppoſe will be the reſt of my Amoretto's; and you ſhall ſee what ſentiments of private paſſion my heart retains for you.

Bell. To morrow! I am rapt with the thought on't! To morrow.

Call up the Sun, black Shades away;
Bid *Phoſphorous* go fetch the Day.

As my friend *Cowley* has it: Madam, I'll be as early as the Lark; nay, by Heaven, I'm very paſſionate! You ſee your Beauties pow'r, Madam, ———And, I'll go and prepare my ſelf———

L. *Fick.* And I'll go and think of my purpoſe.

Bell. Think on to morrow night——A pox on purpoſes. [*Ex.* Bell.

L. *Fick.* You ſhall have reaſon to curſe it, when you know what purpoſe I mean.

Enter Manley.

Man. Are they gone, Madam?

L. *Fick.* Both gone, Sir, and full of different hopes—I ſwear the love I bear you makes me commit ſtrange frailties.

Man.

Man. Oh my dearest, my heav'n of love; How shall I recompence thee? My life's service is nothing, if consider'd. When, when my Sweet?

Fick. To morrow, Sir.

Man. Happy accent!

L. *Fick.* You carry'd the Plot so well, in counterfeiting madness,
That I were ingrateful, should I not recompence it. Visit
Me to morrow morning, Sir; and by a happy choice,
Receive what you have so long sigh'd for.

Man. Oh Transport of Delight!
By heav'n I fear I shall not live till then,
Excess of joy will kill me——Best of Women:
Best! 'twas too vilely said, thou art so good,
By Heav'n thou art a Miracle ——and I
The happy man elected to possess it:
Till the morning comes, I will imploy my self
In thinking on thy Beauties——and then die
In the possession of so sweet a Joy——— [*Exit.*

L. *Fick.* Ha, ha, ha, ha———
That Heav'n shou'd give man so proud a heart,
And yet so little Knowledge——Silly Creature,
That talks, and laughs, and kisses oft that hand
That steals away its Reason as if Nature
Had play'd the Traytor, and seduc'd the Sex,
Without the aid of Destiny, or Women.
Ah! with what pleasant ease
The Bird may be ensnar'd——Set but a wanton Look,
You catch whole Covyes: Nay, there is a Magick
Pertaining to our Sex, that draws 'em in,
Tho' in the long Vacation———And by Heav'n,
I am resolv'd to work my sly deceits,
Till my revenge is perfect—Thus far I've done well,
And I'll persevere in the Mistery.
Wheadle 'em to the snare with cunning plots;
Then bring it off with quick designing Wit,
And quirks of dubious meaning. Turn and wind
Like Foxe, in a storm, to prey on all,
And yet be thought a Saint——Thus Queen I'll sit,
And Hell shall laugh to see a Womans Wit [*Ex. L.* Fickle.

ACT

ACT V. Scene. *The Street.*

Enter Zechiel, Toby, Flail, Jollyman, *Linkboys, and Muſitians playing and ſinging.*

Zech. HEy! rare Boys! rare Boys. Done like Sons of Thunder, True heirs of mirth and jollity: upon honour we have out-done
Example in our frolick to night the Town ſhall talk of us
With admiration, and call us Children of the night; The night,
The happy night. 'Pox o' your day debauches, the dull and inſipid
Common way of frollick; give me night to roar in——

Foll. 'Sbud well ſaid:
The night or nothing, I ſay——Give me thy hand,
I love thee, Thou art a Merry Wagg: I am pleas'd with ye,
Udsbores I am. I thought I had a Son here too,
But I ſee now he's grown a ſerious Raſcall,
He never ſeeks good Company, ſuch as thine is——
No matter, hang pinching, I'll be even with him,
And let the World rub.

Zech. Banter him, banter him, *Toby.* 'Tis a conceited old Scarab, and will yield us excellent ſport——go play upon him a little——exerciſe thy Wit——

Tob. Not I udſhaſh——I had like to have had my head broke with his Halbert juſt now for going about to exerciſe my wit.

Foll. Come, another Song, another Song, my merry Wags,
And hang pinching, I'le make a third man——hem——

SINGS.

And underneath the Greenwood Tree
This Youngſter laid her down a,
And there he Kiſt her once or twice,
Sing hey derry, derry, derry, down, a.

Zech. O brave old Signior——*Flail!* Sirrah, Bandog, what a pox, dreaming? Sing, Sirrah, to entertain the Company.

Flail. I Sing, Zing, What d'ee mean, Sir! I Sing! Lord ſave us: alas, I cannot Sing, Sir, Ich was ne're ſo well bred.

Zech. Whiſtle then, you Dog, do ſomething for Diverſion——

Flail. Whiſtle! by coxbones I cannot wiſtle neither. Bleſs us! Muſt I never go to bed? Bleſs me from *London*, if this be the Trade.

Zech. Trade! Thou ſon of *Aſſafedita*! call a Gentlemans Divertive Cuſtom

Custom a Trade! Come, all hands, we'll go Pump the Rogue.

Foll. Ay, ay; a dull drowzy Rascal: Pump him I say———

Enter three Wenches.

Zech. A prize! a prize! Petticoats, upon honour;
Stand there! come before a man of Authority———And why
Thus early my Lady of the Lake? Whither are you going?

1 *Wench.* To Hell, Will you follow me?

Zech. Not I, upon honour: There I'll leave you——

Tob. By your favour, Madam, What's a Clock? [*To* 2 *Wench.*

2 *Wench.* I am sorry the pawning your Watch, Sir, forces you to ask so necessary a Question——

Tob. Now will this damn'd bulking Quean be too witty for me,
O' my Conscience, if I should ask her any more questions.
Udshash, I'll ee'n proceed to the Business, and say nothing.

Joll. *goes to the other, and she slights him.*

3 *Wench.* Fy, fy, Sir! an old man and talk thus!

Foll. An old Man! 'Sbud, You're a Whore. An old man! Call a Gentleman, in the midst of a Night Debauch, old——Hem, Hem——Sound Lungs, and Heart whole——Old quoth a!

Zech. Come, upon honour, ye shall all to the Tavern with us, and
We'll compleat the nights debauch with Credit: But first
A Song. I know you have your parts in the last new Verses,
Made of the Nights Ramble; 'Tis a part of your Function; a
New Song is as necessary for a Town-Woman, as a Sute of Knots,
Or a new Gown——Hey! strike up there!

SONG.

Happy the Man that takes delight
In Banquetting his Senses;
That drinks all day, and then at night
The height of Joy commences.
With Bottles arm'd, we stand our ground,
Full Bumpers crown our Blisses;
They roar and sing the Streets around,
In Serenading Misses.
Chor. *With Bottles arm'd,* &c.

Pleasures thus free and unconfin'd,
No drowzy Crime reproaches;
No Heaven to a frollick mind,
No pleasure like Debauches.
Whilst rambling thus, new Joys we reap,
In charms of Love and Drinking,
Insipid Fops lies drown'd in sleep,
And the Cuckold he lies thinking.
Chor. *Whilst rambling,* &c.

Zech. Rarely done of all hands: come, now let's to the Tavern, I am resolv'd to make a night on't.

Joll. Well said, agen, Boy. To th' Tavern! to th' Tavern—hah—Merry Rascal——hang pinching: 'Sbud thou'rt a brave Fellow—

Tob. Come my little pignies, you and I will go and be drunk together: Hey—you shall see me perform rare exploits, i'faith.
Nay, Gad, now my hand's in, I shall pepper you with wit,
I feel it growing in my head like a Bunch of Parsenips.

Zech. Agen! Igad pinch him agen; but come, of this at the Tavern, We lose time—Strike up there—Sing. *Whilst rambling.* [*Ex. Singing.*

Enter L. Fickle *in Mans Cloaths, and* Silvia, Dorrel *at a distance.*

L. *Fick.* So, is all fit? prithee how do I look? may I pass for a Bully of the first Rate amongst Dablers in the Mistery? how sit my Cloaths?

Silv. Decently I swear, and well become you; you have as masculine an Air as any Man, I mean any Man that has no more Beard than you.

Dor. This gives an end to my suspition; the Plot's unravell'd, and my late doubts have now their period—— [*Aside.*

L. *Fick.* Away then, and be sure you miss not a tittle in the charge I've given you, but with a feign'd sigh, and a tear or two, tell Sir *Arthur* I went away unknown to you, and supposing it to be discontent, relating to his designs of Marriage; do this handsomly, and I'll come in person, and prosecute the rest: This habit will, I am sure, disguise me; and I intend to invite my self to another Banquet of Wit, with the Suitors, e're I have done with 'em——away——a day or two's time will make all quiet——and I shall be in readiness for as many more.

Silv. Madam, I have my Lesson perfectly, and am so much your Creature, as not to dispute your Commands. [*Ex.* Silv.

L. *Fick.* Now am I in my opinion a second *Machiavil*, my wit has finish'd works as strong and great as *Hercules* 12 labours! Oh I cou'd hug my self for my inventions; they are so prosperous, or if Fate meant to make my wit a Miracle for Men to wonder at. To betray, in me's a virtue, being first betray'd; the thought of which, does like an eating Canker prey on my Heart and Vitals. Therefore, sweet Revenge,
Thou art my Darling. Thus I'll blind their Eyes;
Tis on the neck of Wit, Revenge must rise.—— [*Exit.*

Enter Dorrel.

Dor. Can this be true! oh Heavens, what have I heard!
Is't possible she should be thus affected
To him that basely so deserted her?
If so, I am a Devil, and my Jealousie
The sin of all corruption——I'll redeem it,
Watch all her actions, and discover all,
Lest she should lose her self in her Revenge.
'Twas well I overheard her—— Happy day!
That does all former fears with Bliss repay. *Ex.* Dor.

Scene

Scene 2. *The Street, a Tavern Bush hung out.*

Enter Bellamore, Zechiel, Toby, Jollyman, *Three Wenches, and Musitians, drinking.*

Zech. 'Twas well, my Lord, your Valour interpos'd betwixt me and the danger; by Heaven I had been stockado'd else———

Bell. I am glad, Sir, Fate guided me that way, and made me capable of doing you so good an Office, pray how came your quarrel?

Zech. Why one of the Rascals would needs take the wall of me, nay tho' I told him in *French* I was drunk, and had a Whore with me——— Was ever such an incivility? But I think I am reveng'd, for if I may believe my eye, my last full Pass pierc'd his *Diaphragma*——I am sure I kill'd him.

Foll. How, kill'd him! Not so, I hope, my merry wag, not so

Zech. Not so! upon Honour I am sure it is so
Who———Pox, 'tis accounted nothing now in Term-time.
The killing a Man's no more lookt on in a Nights Debauch,
Than getting a Clap in a Mornings Ramble.
The Town's full, The Town's full.

Tob. I hope the consequences are no worse than he makes 'em;——But udshash———my heart goes a-pit-to-pat.

Bell. Tho' I hate this Fellows impertinence, yet for diversion sake I'll make one in the Debauch to Night: Sirrah, bid the Coach go home, tell *Raines* I have no occasion for him too night. [*To his Footman.*

Zech. Come, Musick, strike up there, Damme you sleepy Dogs, Come, we'll have a Song and a Dance, hey Drawer.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Will you not be pleas'd to take a private Room, Sir?

Zech, A private Pox, Sir. [*Strikes him.*
What I warrant you take us now for some of your serious Brood of Aldermen, d'ee Sirrah? But such another word, and I shall make a private Room in your Guts for this Engine here.

Tob. Sirrah, you shall be hufft and cuffe, and flip'd and kick'd, Sirrah, if you talk of private Rooms——Now am I as valiant as a Hector, methinks I could beat this Drawer into a Wicker Bottle

Zech. Sirrah, as a Reprieve for Life, bring out the But, we'll have the triumph of *Bacchus* to Night, my Lord; you shall be Spectator now of one of my Frollicks, I invented it in *Paris*, for the benefit of all Lovers of the Grape, and Cherishers of *Burgandy*, and I hope you'l speak it a facetious one; 'tis call'd a Triumph to *Bacchus*, my Lord.

Bell. A good Theme, Sir——worthy of your Wits invention, no doubt a great piece of ingenuity [*Aside.*

Zech. Come my witty Devotees of *Venus*,
You must be assistant here. [*To three Wenches.*
Hey———Drawer, where are you Sirrah?

Enter Drawers with an empty But.

Come hither *Toby*, thou ſhalt perſonate God *Bacchus*——
Give him a Wreath there——and a Bumper——
Come, up, up, advance into the Throne—— [Tob. *gets on the But.*
So, now Ladies kneel, and pay obedience to your Emperor——
My Lord, I muſt beg your Lordſhip to bear part in the Ceremony——
There, on that ſide, my Lord——
Drawer, give every one a Glaſs——
Flouriſh Muſick and drink——
Hey—— [*Flouriſh, all drink.*

Tob. How do I preſent it, ha! methinks it becomes me very well.

Zech. Look big, look a little bigger, you know the Effigie.

Foll. By the Lord, *Harry*, I'll kiſs thee for this, my Darling of the dark. Well, I am reſolv'd to diſinherit my Son, and adopt thee——hang piching, I'll do't Boy, and let the World rub.

Zech. Come, now to the Song—and let all parts be ready for the *Chorus.*

SONG.

Bacchus, *thou mighty Power Divine,*
Great God of Mirth, and ſprightely Wine,
Behold us here that kneeling ſhow
The Duty that we owe——
We through thy influence rejoyce,
And thus with free and chearful voice
The Fame and Praiſes ſing
Of Bacchus, *our great God and King.*

Chor. *'Tis Wine, 'tis Wine, that ſtill controuls,*
And Fame and Love muſt both ſtrike Sail;
There lies ſuch vigour in full Bowls
The Fate of Princes can't prevail.

The Wreaths of great Heroes his Altar ſhall Crown,
Whilſt the grave and the Prudent bow down.

When Beauty darts a ſmiling Beam,
Our Souls are——by Loves extream;
But one briſk Glaſs takes care away,
And yields us back the Prey:
No Fate of Love or piercing Dart
Can wound when Wine ſurrounds the heart;
Still guarding it from Care,
It baffles Fate, and ſlights the Fair.

Chor. *'Tis Wine, 'tis Wine,* &c. [*Dance.*

Foll.

Foll. Spark, let me embrace the, udsbores thou art the Mirror of our Age, and haſt the beſt principles of *Engliſh* Gallantry I ever ſaw——Ah would I were but 5 and 20 for thy ſake——but come hang pinching——'tis well it's no worſe, as my Friend *Hearty* ſays——

Zech. What think you my Lord? is it not modiſh? by Heav'n 'tis new that's one good property, and I believe 'twill take very well.

Bell. Sir, if you will take my opinion in this buſineſs, I think it an excellent invention, and were I you, I wou'd have Books Printed, that the World may not be ignorant; i'gad you have this encouragement, the Preſs has been troubled with matters of leſs conſequence.

Tob. I tell you I have 200 *l.* a Year, I've my Lands free and unmortgag'd, and am reſolv'd to keep a Miſs, according to the Mode, therefore ſpeak now, or for ever hold your peace.

1 *Wench.* But which of us would you have, Sir?

Tob. Either of you——Udſhaſh I'm a right Country Squire, any thing will ſerve my turn, if the properties be not wanting--What's your price?--

1 *Wench.* Why in truth, Sir, I have had 40 *s.* a Week; but in kindneſs to a Man of your Complexion, I'll abate a Crown.

Tob. My Complexion! Ah wheadling Quean——

Foll. Come Sirrah, Drawer fill each his Glaſs. Hey--Let the World rub, and let's have t'other Song.

Fla. Zong quoth a---Lord zave us, a Zong---pray, pray good Folks, pray——oh, oh——

Zech. How now Bandog, what makes you howl thus? ha!

Fla. How! by Coxnowns you'll howl too, if you ſtay longer; y'have kill'd a Mon yonder, he that you quarrel'd with about your Crack there, 'ſlid ſhe have a good mind to crack her for't, and God ſave his Soul, they think he's dead: the Conſtable and a Regiment of Beggers, I mean Bilbo's, are ſearching for you, and juſt coming up the Street, uds diggers, up you go if they can catch ye. Oh that ever the ancient Family of the *Tilburies* ſhould come to ſuch diſgrace!

2 *Wench.* Nay then this is no time for Merchandizing. [*Exeunt Wenches.*

Zech. Malicious Fortune, Heav'n what ſhall I do! if I am taken I ſhall certainly be hang'd.

Bell. Pox, not for killing a Man in Term-time, Sir, you know the Town's full.

Jill. Hang'd! Heav'n defend, my merry Wag, is't come to that? Hang'd! Gentlemen your Servant. I've a little earneſt buſineſs——

Bell. Nay, Sir, leave not your Friends in adverſity; for my part I'm reſolv'd to ſtick too't if we are hang'd.

Tob. If we are hang'd, quoth a? Ah Lord! the very word has put me into an Ague.

Bell. If we do miſcarry, Sir——why let the World rub, as you ſay.

Tob. Ay, ay, you need not fear, you are a Lord, you'll come off well enough, 'tis we ſhall ſtretch for't; Udſhaſh nothing vexes me, but that

I cannot ſtay to perform my bargain with Mrs. *Jupiter* there. [*A noiſe without.*

Hark, they come, the Devil take the hindmoſt [*Runs into the Tavern.*

Zech. And ſo ſay I.

Bell. Dam 'em, are they gone? What Scarabs are theſe, to truſt a Tavern ſecurity beyond a Sword——What Sirra are you creeping away too? turn back and help to defend, you Dog——or——[*Noiſe within, fellow Fellow.*

Fla. O Lord, Sir! I defend Sir!

Bell. Fight Sirra, and fight valantly too, or by this Steel——

Fla. Well, Sir, I will, I will; oh what will become of me!

Foll. Come my Lord, have at 'em, ſince it muſt be ſo, here's old Madge, has not ſeen Sun theſe 20 Years, ſhall be ſcowr'd in ſome of their Guts, rather then I'll be taken; udsbores I have been valiant in my time.

Bell. I muſt quickly diſpatch, for fear of a diſappointment with my *Corinna*——

Enter Conſtable and Watch.

Conſt. Oh here they are, Caitiffs, Rogues Murderers, down, down, with 'em my Men of Midnight, fall on in the Kings name, fall on——[*They fight, Conſtable and Watch are beaten off.*

Enter Toby.

Tob. No hole, ne'r a corner to creep into? This is the worſt contriv'd houſe I ever ſaw. Hang'd did he ſay? Marry Heav'n defend: I am too raw a Bully to venture hanging yet——oh well remembr'd i'faith, here's the But, the Throne of *Bacchus*, as *Zechiel* calls it; this will be a rare place to ſecure my ſelf in [*gets into the But*] the Devil's in 'em if they ſearch here——I'll ſtay till the Cry is over and then home to my Lodging; I love a Debauch, till it comes to Fighting; but then, methinks, it grows troubleſom——Hark, here they come, now cloſe like a Coney in a Burrow.

Re-enter Conſtable and Watch.

Conſt. Why Neighbours, we were miſtaken, theſe were none of thoſe that hurt the Man——I am told, 'twas two Brothers, and that they were dogg'd to this Tavern. Come, come, they muſt be here ſtill——lets in, and ſee—— [*Ex.*

Enter Zechiel *above in a Balcony.*

Zech. Was ever poor Night-walker in ſuch diſtreſs? What ſhall I do? They are ſearching within, and the damn'd Rogues are ſo curious in the diſcovery, that they miſs not an Augur-hole; I found this Ladder of Ropes upon a Shelf, but dare not venture down yet, for fear ſome prying Raſcal ſhall ſnap me between Earth and Heav'n——'Sdeath I'll creep into this Buſh, it may be this may ſecure me——[*Gets upon the Tavern Buſh*] Hah! upon honour I grow chearful; this is ſo Modiſh a Device, that I've great hopes of good ſucceſs——

Tob. They're all gone in, and now I'm in a Tub of Troubles about vent'ring out; if ſome of 'em ſhould watch at the Gate, I ſhou'd be ſnapt——

ſnapt——if ſnapt——hang'd——Udſhaſh my ſtomach cannot reliſh that word——Yet I'll couch a little longer, and ſee what will come on't——

Enter Tilbury *drunk, with a Torch.*

Zech. Here comes a Man with a Light——now ſit cloſe——

Tilb. A Son of a whore to queſtion a Man of 1500 *l.* a Year, and diſpute the Family of the *Tilburies*, by *St Jago* he deſerves to be mortifi'd——Conſtable——what's a Conſtable, to a Man of Worſhip! a Man of drunken reeling worſhip! a Worm! a Scarab! 'tis fit he ſhould be Carbonado'd. Let's ſee, where am I? What Tavern's this? oh 'tis the *Roſe*, I'll take another doſe of Sack here, and then——home——ho——within there, Drawer, give's a Cup o' Sack here——

Zech. Ah Lord! 'tis my Father——and drunk as a Wheel-barrow, I ſhall be found out, for he holds his Torch ſo high, that any one that comes by muſt needs ſee me. [*Takes Orange-peels out of his Pocket, and throws at* Tilbury.

Tilb. Why Raſcals, Poltroons——Sons of Popinjay's, what d'ee mean, hah! Dare you affront a Man of Quality——I mean a Man of Countrey Quality——Hah Puppies, by *St Jago* I'le break all the Windows, I'll teach you to be civil. Now, now cannot I find e'r a ſtone. This is the great enormance of this City, here's Wenches in abundance, but not a ſtone to throw at a Dog——no matter, I'll ſet fire on your Buſh, 'tis all one——I'll mortifie your Owls Neſt, by *St Jago*.

Zech. Oh! I ſhall be burnt! [*Offers to burn the Buſh.* Why Father, Father, I'm here! I'm here! Your Son! Your hopeful Son——Oh Lord, if I cry out too, I ſhall be hang'd——What ſhall I do? Fire! Fire! Fire!

Enter the Conſtable and Watch.

Conſt. How now! What's here one going to fire the Houſe? Away, away with him to the Lodge; here's fine work indeed! Come bring him away, ſtay ſome of you here and watch, the reſt muſt be hereabouts. [*Ex. Conſtable with* Tilb.

1 *Watch.* But is't poſſible Neighbours this Houſe ſhould be haunted, and yet Folks live in't!

2 *Watch.* Poſſible? as ſure as you are there Neighbours. They ſay the Devil appear'd to 'em every Night in the likeneſs of a Hog.

1 *Watch.* Lord bleſs us Sirs! a Hog! but ſee what the Devil can do.

2 *Watch.* Set down the Lanthorn *Patch*, and come let's ſit down on this But——I'll tell you the Story——

3 *Watch.* Ay come, ſilence ho, let's hear Neighbour *Cobble*. [*They ſit.*

2 *Watch.* Why look you Sirs, one Winter-night the Maid here ſitting up late in the Kitchen, and buſie about her Houſhold affairs——who ſhould come in at the Window, but this Hog——

Omn. So!

2 *Watch.* And you muſt know the Devil's a cunning Hog, when occaſion ſerves kept ſuch——ſuch a grunting and ſhuffling, and jumping, that

that the poor Wench was even out of her wits; she wou'd have prayed but her memory being very short, and her Prayer-Book out of the way, she could not. In short, Sir, this Hog, or this Devil, or this Devil of a Hog, for 'ts all——having thrown down several Pewter Dishes, and swallow'd a whole Porridge-pot of Brewis——takes me his way into the Cellar——there makes such a wrack among the Buts and Bottles——such havock among the Glasses——[Tob *puts out the Candle in the Lanthorn.* How now, who puts out the Candle there?

1. *Watch* Not I.

2 *Watch.* Nor I.

Tob. Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!—— [*Grunts like a Hog.*

Omn. Oh it comes! it comes! the Devil, the Devil—— [*Ex.*

Tob. Udshash; this Ugh, Ugh was a rare invention, [Tob. *comes out.* I think I have out witted the Rogues: Now give me a Man that can help a danger at a pinch, for tho I say it, *Machiavil* was an Ass to me at a nights Intrigue; but I'll away, for fear of insurrections—— [*Ex.*

Zech. That was *Toby*'s voice, I believe he's gone; What the Devil was't scar'd the Watchmen so——No matter now, the Coast is clear—— I'll venture down——so—— [*Gets down the Ladder.* Upon Honour I have been severely frighted to Night. But the uncertain Fate of a Night-walker seldom meets better success——

I have escaped two eminent dangers, Burning and Hanging,
The thought of which has made me as dull as a rifled Cully.
Thus with the Brawny Crew of Suburb Roches,
We swim the Brackish Ocean of Deboches,
Without the Sense of Honour or Reproaches. ——[*Ex.*

SCENE 3.

Enter Sir Arthur, Silvia, Arbella, Constantia.

Sir Arth. Come, come, I say, there's a trick in't, some cunning scurvy lewd design, I know it; have I not foster'd her with tenderness? and before she cou'd write Woman, bred her carefully! What cause has she then to desert my house? Answer me that, what cause?

Silv. Only fear, Sir, you shall match her against her Will, Heaven knows I know no other cause.

Sir Arth. No, no, there must be more in't, 'twas your pleasure Mistriss often to quarrel with her, it caus'd your envy to see her so belov'd---hah---Bring bring her agen, and quickly too, or see my face no more, out of my doors, by *Jacobs* Pantible, a Relique of Renoun'd memory: Thou art no more my Daughter, unless my Niece return——

Arb. Indeed *Sir Arthur*, you are a little too severe in this, for I am confident Madam *Constantia* knows nothing of her going, she always kept her intrigues from her knowledge, and consequently this, being, it seems, of more importance than any of the rest: what her design is Heav'n knows, but a day or two's time will doubtless discover all.

Sir Arth. Madam *Arbella*, you are one I respect, your Father *Sir Andrew Swipplethrop* is my intimate good Friend, a Man I love and honour, and

and by *St. Auguſtin's* Night-cap——Madam *Arbella*, you are welcome to my houſe; but ſeek not to defend an ill Argument——I ſay once more there's a trick in't——and give me leave, Madam, I will perſevere in my juſtice——therefore Minion look to't.

Enter Dorrel.

Dorr. Sir, there is three is Gentlemen below, Suitors to Madam *Fickle*, that deſire admittance——

Sir Arth. Conduct 'em up, I hope here's ſome diſcovery.

Enter Bellamore, Manly *and* Harry.

Bell. Though I was ignorant, Sir, you were my Rival, I thought I had known you for a Gentleman, one that wou'd not have carry'd a deſign under the diſguiſe of counterfeit madneſs; but aſſure your ſelf, Sir, ſuch an injury ſhall require ſatisfaction.

Man. And have it, my Lord, when you dare demand it: all falſhood I deny; nor can I condemn my ſelf with carrying on a Love-intrigue with policy.

Harr. 'sDeath! I ſee I am baffled at laſt, theſe are two of her Suitors——I, it ſeems, the third; but I hope her choice will diſſipate all doubts——

Sir Arth. My Lord, and Gentlemen, your humble Servant; may I requeſt to know what bus'neſs brings you hither ſo early?

Bell. I ſuppoſe my buſineſs is not unknown, I come, *Sir Arthur*, to pay my devotion to the Charming *Corinna*.

Harr. And I mine to the Glorious *Cleio*.

Man. And I the particular tender of my heart to the adorable *Celia*.

Sir Arth. Corinna! Cleio! Celia! They are names of Antiquity, I confeſs——But for Heav'ns ſake expreſs your ſelves more largely, Gentlemen, I know none of the perſons.

Arb. Now the Plot begins to be diſcover'd, now we ſhall know all.

Conſt. Prithee do but obſerve the alteration of Countenances, oh this was a ſubtle Devil!

Bell. Your Neece, *Sir Arthur*, the rich Widow——I have had the honour to be long intereſs'd in her favour, and ſhe commanded me to wait on her this Morning, and promis'd publickly to make choice of me.

Man. By Heav'n ſhe promis'd to make choice of me.

Harr. Nay gad ſhe promis'd to make choice of me.

Bell. Was ever ſuch unſufferable impertinence? *Sir Arthur*, I proteſt, by my honour, all I ſay is true: and by vertue of her premeditated choice and election, I am the Man.

Man. Death! what impudence is this? I ſay, by vertue of her choice I am the Man.

Harr. Hell and Furies! I ſay I am the Man.

Sir Arth. Hey day! What are all of ye the Men? by the Threſhold of *Mahomet's* Temple, this is very fine! has ſhe a tripartite Husband, a threefold Father of Children? But hark ye, Gentlemen, let us come nearer to the buſineſs; for as far as I can perceive, you have miſtook the houſe:

here are no *Cleio*'s, nor *Celia*'s, nor *Corinna*'s under my roof, I can assure ye. 'Tis true, I had a Niece, a Widow, and such a Fortune as you describe——who is this day gone, I think, to seek her Fortune: her name is *Fickle*——sure she cannot be the person you seek after?

Bell. 'Tis so! We are all most finely gull'd, I find it! oh! s'death, now could I eat my flesh for madness, dull Blockhead, not to perceive her Wheadling.

Man. Fickle is her name; Dam her, she has been fickle enough, I see?—oh Hell! Hell! were ever hopes so frustrated? 'Tis plain now she has entertain'd us all with equal Caresses, and by taking a several name has thus long kept us ignorant——

Harr. Sure there must be some plot in this, *Sir Arthur*, pray be particular in the Narration——is she certainly gone, Sir?

Sir Arth. Why, Sir, upon my honour, and the Honour of our Family, I protest Sir——she is certainly gone, Sir.

Harr. The Devil go with her, Sir——oh confusion seize her; after all my hopes, and fears, and doubts, am I thus abus'd?

Arb. Oh Heaven! Was it possible your Lordship shou'd be so deceiv'd? Nay by a person that shou'd ha' been proud of the honour she receiv'd in the Amours of a Man of Quality, who was insensible of any Beauty but the Charms of *Corinna*, nothing cou'd penetrate but the eyes of *Corinna*! Nor nothing appear attractive, but the Person and Meen of *Corinna*——

Const. I protest, Sir, I pity you, Heav'n knows how constant you have been——how ador'd *Celia*, dreamt of *Celia*, sigh'd for *Celia*! Mourned out the tedious Night in meditations, and visited the light with thoughts of *Celia*! and now to have so strange a metamorphosis, an ungrateful *Fickle* instead of a constant *Celia*, by Heaven 'tis great Tyranny in Fortune——

Man. Well, Madam, well!

Enter Lady Fickle.

L. Fick. Sir Arthur, your Servant; permit a stranger somewhat interes'd in your present affair, the liberty of speaking a word or two.

Sir Arth. Sir, any Man that wears the presence of Gent. has liberty to express himself here——

L Fick. Then briefly and boldly thus—My Lord and Gentlemen——I know you better than you imagine, you are all pretenders to my *Lady Fickle*, a person to whom my private inclinations have been long devoted, and having last Night the honour of Kissing her hand, she in tears told me, she had deserted *Sir Arthur*'s house, only to be rid of your troublesome impertinences; she also did me the favour to desire me to give you this assurance, That she hated you all three, and her former proceedings with you have been only to divert her self with your Ceremonious Addresses.

Bell. Sure 'tis impossible a Woman should be such a Devil? Dare you prove this?

Man.

Man. Dam him——this is the impudent'ſt young Hector I ever met with.

Harr. Hark ye, dare you fight, Sir?

L. *Fick.* Yes, Sir, with you if you dare, Sir! Fight! Blood of the Heroes d'ee queſtion it——There's my Glove——I'll fight you all three, appoint your place and time.

Man. The Soul of a Giant by Heav'n, a very Devil *in decimo ſexto.*

L. *Fick.* I ſcorn to win a Lady of her perfections, with the loſs but of a drop of Blood, a River full I ſay, my Veins drawn dry, and on the active Gore fierce attoms darting, to win my Love throw ſtreams of Death and horror. I'll bath my Lips in Gore, kiſs bleeding Wounds, cleave Helmets, ſtand a Breach, and dare a Cannon, divide a Heart in two, ha! ha!——'tis done. Soul of *Belona*, I'll exhauſt a Flood, turn Earth to Chaos, Oceans into Blood. Conſume your timerous cringing Amoriſts, that would poſſeſs their Heav'n, but dare not bleed for't. Blood is my Province, therefore with you all am I reſolv'd to fight—— A ſingle Man's too poor for Revenge; All, all, I ſay, and all at once, 'tis baſe elſe.

Bell. This is the daringſt young Rogue I ever ſaw, I muſt daſh his hopes——Hark'ee young huffing Sir, no more of this here, follow me, you ſhall find one of us ſufficient to cut your Throat.

L. *Fick.* All or none, by Heaven, I will not fight elſe——

Dor. Now is the time, and this myſterious Plot ſhall be no longer hid ——Fie, fie my Lord——I thought your Lordſhip cheriſh'd too much honour ever to draw a Sword againſt a Woman!

Omn. A Woman!

Dor. Look on her well, Sir *Arthur*. My Lord and Gentlemen, d'ee not know her? Nay, Madam, bluſh not; all muſt out---You muſt be diſcover'd. This is the very Perſon you are ſpeaking of, my *Lady Fickle!* your *Cleio* Sir! your *Celia*! and your *Corinna*, My Lord!

Sir Arth. By *Pharaoh* 'tis the ſame, I know her now. Why how now Niece!

L. *Fick.* Diſcover'd! and i'th' end of all my Plots: what Devil told this Fellow my deſigns——Well Uncle——'tis I.

Bell. What in your Maſquerading habit, Madam? if I may preſume, what Intrigue to night are you deſigning for?

L. *Fick.* 'Tis fruſtrated, my Lord, you might have known elſe.

Man. Ungrateful Creature! was I ſo deſertleſs? was my heart's paſſion ſo far wanting merit, to deſerve this return?

Bell. Was I not worthy of your favour?

Harr. And was my heart too baſe to be your Slave?

L. *Fick.* By Heav'n, no, all your deſerts are boundleſs, and I am far unworthy your addreſſes; and ſince I am diſcover'd, you ſhall know why I have us'd you thus: I lov'd and was betray'd, and for this cauſe ſwore a Revenge on all that ſhould love me: To make it plainer ſo ye, I am marry'd. My husband, fir'd with jealouſie, forlook me, to ſpend his time

in Travel; since I have liv'd a Widow in opinion, and wheadled many Suitors, but lov'd none.

Sir Arth. Why then your Husband lives!

L. *Fick.* I know not, Sir, I have not seen him since.

Dor. Yes, Sir, he lives, and lives to bless the hour he took up this disguise——oh my Sweet——Consider humane frailty, and forgive my Crime of too much Jealousie. [*Pulls off his Beard.*

L. *Fick.* My dear *Friendlove*! Can this be true? Am I then once more blest with thy Caresses?

Sir Arth. Hey, *Dorrel* metamorphos'd to Mr. *Friendlove*! by *Melchizedech*, this is strange!

Bell. Marry'd! Gad I have spent my time very finely! well, if ever I trust a Widow agen, may I wear Horns like *Acteon*, and seek for a Patrimony in *Terra incognita*.

Dor. I swear I have been very cruel to thy vertue, but my whole life shall sue to make amends; and my noble Lord, and you Gentlemen, whatever Presents on this Ladies behalf have been receiv'd, shall be return'd with ample satisfaction; and since espousing her perfections, I am bound to have a particular interest in her actions, if any one here holds himself wrong'd, my Person shall give him the acknowledgment he demands, and my Sword the satisfaction of a Gentleman——

Bell. Sir, I hope you think I dare fight——and refuse not through fear——but since I see she had some reason for what she did, my particular resentments are not worth a quarrel: My thoughts are now bowing down to this shrine of Beauty. [*To* Arb.

Man. And mine to this. Madam! Can you forgive——[*To* Const.

Arb. 'Twere an excellent revenge to use you as my Lady *Fickle* did; I swear my Lord you have deserv'd it.

Bell. We have all failings, Madam, you must pardon.

Sir Arth. I like this well, I like this well: win her and wear her: Mr. *Manly*, I like your Person and Estate well. By King *Pharaoh* I am very merry, come, we'll have a Dance.

Enter Constable *and* Watch *with* Jollyman, Tilbury, Zechiel, Toby.

How now, What's here? Mr. *Jollyman*, and my old Friend *Tilbury* in durance——How came this Friend? hah!

Constab. An't please your Worship, these are the Gentlemen that wounded the Man last night, and they got from us once, but we catch'd 'em again; and we took this other firing a house.

Sir Arth. Well, leave 'em with me, I'le be Bail for their appearance to morrow——I am resolv'd nothing shall hinder my mirth to day——Mr. *Tilbury* and Mr. *Jollyman*, I have heard of all your frolicks last night, both yours and your Sons. Let it be so no more: For the present all shall be well——But there is no hopes of my Daughter now——she's bestow'd——

Joll. Since she's bestow'd, God give her Joy. I'le cherish my self with

with a merry Song and a Fiddle, and hang pinching, let the World rub.

Tilb. My Sons unmarry'd, and the Family of the *Tilburies* thus disgrac'd——By St. *Jago*, I'le take post and away for *Salisbury* immediately——

Tob. And so will I, Udshash——if these disasters belong to Men of parts, as ye call 'em——give me a Country life——for though there's less wit, there's more security.

Zech. Infamous impertinent! Canst thou repugn the pleasures of a Debauch, through the apprehension of a walking Night-trap, and a gilded Truncheon, with the City Arms on't——Upon honour thou art a Libel to my Fame, and unworthy to break a Glass in my society.

Tob. Udshash, I might ha'bin hang'd in your society for all that, but that Fortune was my Friend, and reserv'd me for the future benefit of my Family——

Zech. Hang'd! A man of parts! An honest Night-walker hang'd! Intollerable impudence! no Sir——assure your self no such
Fate attends us Brothers of the Bottles——a Stockado, a
Gentle thrust through the Lungs or so, might have
Happen'd——but no hanging, Brother Bullfinch: no hanging.

Tob. Come, come, a word to the wise is sufficient——I have resolv'd a reformation——I relish not your Stockadoe's not I, nor is a gentle thrust through the Lungs, as you term it, so agreeable with my Nature to persevere. In brief, Sir, I am converted: I will into the Country immediately.

Sir Arth. Come, come, embrace and be friends, I am in a good humour, and by *Melchizedech*——strife shall be a stranger to my house to day: so, so; all, all well——and though you are not partners in this Wedding, you shall be merry at it——and let the World rub, as my old Friend here says——go call in the Fidlers there—— [*Dance.*

Dorr. Come, my dear sweet, and let us lose our selves
In Loves Embraces. This is a happy day.

L. Fick. Through crooked paths, dark plots, and ways obscure,
Revenge still roves, to make its action sure.
I have been false to night, and purchast hate,
But Ladies on your smiles depends my fate:
Let me then gain one happy glance from you,
And th' *Witty False One* shall be ever True. [*Ex. Omnes.*

Epilogue.

Epilogue.

And now to you, Gallants, that ſmiling ſit,
And with inſipid Votes infeſt the Pit,
Becauſe the Play was by a Stranger writ;
The Poet *ſays, he knows his Merit's ſmall,*
And trembles at the thought of a Cabal;
But ſince a Bully in his Play I was,
I am reſolv'd a Champion in his Cauſe:
Therefore let him that boaſts of too much ſtrength,
Appoint the place, and ſend his Rapiers length.
A barb'rous Critick ſhall not walk the Street,
Nor from this moment dare to cenſure Wit,
By Heav'n I'll pepper you if once we meet.
You ſmile, and perhaps doubt my want of skill,
But I'll revenge it, Blood and Death I will.
I muſt confeſs there is a ſafer way,
You may walk ſafely if you'll like the Play;
But elſe, if you your cenſures raiſe anew,
Fate ſends his Darts abroad, Blood muſt enſue.
Let him that on that Baſis Honour builds,
Meet me to morrow in Lambs-Conduit-*Fields,*
There he ſhall find a Woman now turn'd Bully,
Has power to turn a Critick to a Cully.

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63. Monsieur *Ragou*.
64. *Mamamouchy*.
65. Merchant of *Venice*.
66. *Mackbeth*.
67. Maids Tragedy.
68. *Nero*, a Tragedy.
69. Notes on th'Emperor of *Morocco*, by the Wits.
70. Noble Stranger.
71. *Oedipus* King of *Thebes*.
72. Orphan, or the Unhappy Marriage.
73. Plain-Dealer.
74. *Philaster*, or Love lies a Bleeding.
75. *Rare-en-tout*, a *French* Comedy.
76. Rehearsal.
77. Reformation.
78. Royal King.
79. Rover, Second Part.
80. *Rollo* Duke of *Normandy*.
81. *Scrivins*, a Tragedy.
82. *Sophonisba*, or *Hannibal*'s Overthrow.
83. Soldiers Fortune.
84. Atheist, or the second Part of the Soldiers Fortune.
85. Strange Discovery.
86. St. *Patrick* for *Ireland*.
87. *Spanish* Fryer.
88. Siege of *Memphis*.
89. Secret Love, or the Maiden Queen.
90. *Theodosius*, or the Force of Love.
91. *Thyestes*, a Tragedy.
92. *Tamerlain* the Great.
93. Town Fop, or Sir *Tim. Tawdry*.
94. *Troylus* and *Cressida*.
95. *Timon* of *Athens*, or the Manhater.
96. Valiant *Scot*.
97. *Valentinian*.
98. Virtuous Wife, or Good Luck at Last.
99. Wit without Money.
100. Woman Bully.
101. The Wedding.